

March 6, 1963

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Letters: Box 4884WW, G.P.O.  
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March 6, 1963

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● In this issue we have brought the television section into the main paper, beginning on page 18 with a big color pin-up of Norreen Corcoran and John Forsythe, "Niece Kelly" and "Uncle Bentley" of the popular family show "Bachelor Father."

THIS is in response to readers' letters.

Many parents have written to say that when their children pull Teenagers' Weekly from the paper they take the television section, too.

When that's happened, adults have missed the section completely.

As television — and news of it — is entertainment for the whole family, we have taken the section out of the centre supplement and included it in the main paper.

As usual each week there will be color pictures of stars and shows, gossip, and Television Parade.

MRS. N. BARTON, of Concord West, N.S.W., sent us a cutting from the issue of our paper dated June 5, 1943 — almost 20 years ago.

The cutting gives directions for knitting a small girl's jumper in basket weave, and Mrs. Barton wrote:

"This pattern has been used many times. The first time was for my daughter, now the mother of three children, then for many of my friends' children."

"I thought you would be interested to know what constant readers you have and what good knitting patterns you always print."

Our cover

The Yarra bank was aglow with flowers when the Queen and Prince Philip landed from a barge at the Henley staging to open their visit to Melbourne. Picture, by staff photographer Ron Berg, shows Her Majesty being escorted by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks. Facing the camera between her and Prince Philip is Lady Brooks. From here the Royal party drove to the races at Flemington.

## NEXT WEEK:

### ● 38 Blue-ribbon cakes and biscuits

In a four-page pull-out section, 38 recipes for cakes and biscuits, each worthy of a blue-ribbon award for perfection in its class.

There are recipes to fill the cake and biscuit tins for the family to enjoy; others for special occasions. Here are the best cake and biscuit recipes for you to keep.

### ● New Margery Allingham serial

"The China Governess," the latest mystery by world-famous English author Margery Allingham, begins in our next issue. Set mainly in the seamy side of London, it is a masterpiece of plot with a dozen threads all tied together at last in one superb knot.

And once again Albert Campion, Margery Allingham's favorite amateur detective, is on hand to help Superintendent Luke of Scotland Yard untangle all the clues. Don't miss the first instalment.

### ● 7 New-season patterns

Specially chosen for the home dressmaker are seven smart autumn-winter fashions for which inexpensive patterns are available.

The designs — suits, dresses, a theatre coat — incorporate newest trends and colors for 1963. Included is a special two-way pattern for a hooded dress and double-breasted jacket for 5/-.

### ● Smart young handknits

In Teenagers' Weekly, handknits in the latest teenage fashions — a boy's sweater, a girl's suit with a matching handbag and cap, a V-necked sweater with an outsize scarf, and a stole and hat set.



# QUIZ KING'S WEDDING



● Sydney nursing sister Barbara Dunlop and Frank Partridge, V.C., the North Coast farmer, at the reception following their wedding at St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Macquarie Street, on February 23. In the 12 months before his wedding, Mr. Partridge won nearly £13,000 in goods and cash on the "B.P. Pick-a-Box" TV quiz. Flower girls and page are, from left, his niece, Leanne Bennett, and the bride's godchildren, Julie Windshuttle and Stuart McLachlan. Picture by staff photographer Adelie Hurley.

WEDDING DETAILS: PAGE 19.



## ILL-HEALTH CAN CRIPPLE A FAMILY BUDGET!



This family was protected by H-C-F-M-B-F  
which paid **£16,500,000**  
in claims last year

There are still some who fail to budget for hospital and medical expenses and these can be crippling. Many of the advantages of belonging to H-C-F-M-B-F cannot be measured in £s.d. . . . the freedom from financial worry . . . and the peace of mind that comes from knowing that the family is always protected in the event of sickness.

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● There are no age limits—no medical examinations.

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● Contributions are tax deductible.

Ask for an application form where you work, at any agency—usually the family chemist, or at any H-C-F-M-B-F office.

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B. & F. £2/12/6 £5/4/6  
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the skin.

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Bottle. Posted in Plain Wrap.

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LABORATORIES

BOX 177,

P.O. HURSTVILLE, N.S.W.

## LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The set—price 3/6 post free—includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

# ROMANCE QUIZ

## Is he (or she) right for you?

THIS quiz is designed to shed valuable light on whether he (or she) is right for you. Check both items in the Women Only section if you are a female, and in the Men Only section if you are a male. Each answer is given a score. Insert it in the column marked Your Score, then total your answers, and see how this rates your prospects.

### WOMEN ONLY

- Does he now earn enough, or is there reasonable hope that he'll eventually be able to support you in the manner you desire?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Are your religious beliefs compatible?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Are you usually just as happy away from your fiancé as you are in his company?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do his eyes frequently rove to other attractive women?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is he striving to advance in a career?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do his parents appear to be happily married?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does your family approve of him?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is he dominated by his mother?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Are there many issues upon which you often disagree very strongly?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does your fiancé arouse you physically?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Would you feel embarrassed to introduce him to your family and friends?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do your ideas about children and the way to raise them coincide with his?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you basically see "eye to eye" on the spending of money?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does he often show signs of selfishness?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Would you consider him resourceful?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you often wonder whether he'll be faithful to you?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do the people he works with and others who know him seem to respect him?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is his conversation usually interesting?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is he usually optimistic in outlook?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does he usually insist on having his way?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- During an emergency, would you feel more comfortable if he were around?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does he seem to be able to take disappointment without brooding excessively?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Has he ideals?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- When you are with him, is he often very moody?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does he possess certain strong habits or traits such as drinking, gambling, jealousy, suspicion?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...

### MEN ONLY

- Are you now able or will you be able eventually to meet her desired standard of living?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you share her religious beliefs?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is absence from her for a substantial period difficult for you?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do the members of her family seem emotionally stable?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does her taste in dress and grooming appeal to you?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does she show a tendency to be possessive?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does she seem to detest household chores?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Has she a tendency to make scenes or sulk when she fails to get her way?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you usually find her dependable?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does she seem uninterested in running a home?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does your family approve of her?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Would she fit in with your social circle?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do her moods change swiftly or unpredictably?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Has she a tendency to criticise other people sharply?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you often strongly disagree with her?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you find her physically stimulating?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you often wonder whether she is the right person for you?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do most people seem to like her?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Is she likely to inspire you to advance in your career?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Would you like your children to grow up into the sort of person she is?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Does she seem to possess enduring attractions besides that of her physical appeal?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Can she think for herself?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Has she sober ideas about what to expect from life and marriage?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Has she habits which irritate you considerably?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...
- Do you believe that she respects as well as loves you?  
Yes ... No ... Uncertain ... Your score ...

### THE SCORE

	Yes	No	Uncertain
1.	3	1	2
2.	1	3	2
3.	1	3	2
4.	3	1	2
5.	3	1	2
6.	3	1	2
7.	3	1	2
8.	1	3	2
9.	1	3	2
10.	3	1	2
11.	1	3	2
12.	3	1	2
13.	3	1	2
14.	1	3	2
15.	3	1	2
16.	1	3	2
17.	3	1	2
18.	3	1	2
19.	3	1	2

	Yes	No	Uncertain
20.	1	3	2
21.	3	1	2
22.	3	1	2
23.	3	1	2
24.	1	3	2
25.	1	3	2

### THE SCORE

	Yes	No	Uncertain
1.	3	1	2
2.	3	1	2
3.	3	1	2
4.	3	1	2
5.	3	1	2
6.	1	3	2

	Yes	No	Uncertain
7.	1	3	2
8.	1	3	2
9.	3	1	2
10.	1	3	2
11.	3	1	2
12.	3	1	2
13.	1	3	2
14.	1	3	2
15.	1	3	2
16.	3	1	2
17.	1	3	2
18.	3	1	2
19.	3	1	2
20.	3	1	2
21.	3	1	2
22.	3	1	2
23.	3	1	2
24.	1	3	2
25.	3	1	2

### YOUR PROSPECTS

A score of 65-75 is excellent and forecasts a harmonious marriage.

A score of 53-64 is good, with prospects for a successful marriage.

A score of 34-51 is fair, with the outlook uncertain.

A score of 0-33 would seem to indicate very doubtful prospects.



# Bake the cake the Queen will taste



Mrs. Mary Aitken packs her cake for the Queen.



PUBLIC LIBRARY  
28 FEB 1963  
NEW SOUTH WALES

By MARGARET BERKELEY

## ● Mrs. A. Aitken, of Melbourne, will never forget the Royal visit — she baked a cake for the Queen.

MADE from her own recipe, the carefully packed cake was personally delivered to the Master of the Household on the Royal yacht Britannia by Mrs. Aitken.

Just how it happened is quite a long story. It goes back to the day when Mrs. Aitken, then 12-year-old Mary Murray, of Gisborne, Vic., made her first big cake. Her only cookery lessons had been from her mother and her aunt, all keen cooks.

After her marriage 25 years ago she began making cakes for friends, then for friends of friends.

One cake she made for a friend to take to a charity tea was tasted by the late Lady Gengoult Smith, who became forthwith one of Mrs. Aitken's most enthusiastic clients and recommended the cakes to her mother, Dame Mabel Brookes.

As the Duke of Gloucester was godfather to Lady Gengoult Smith's daughter Marion, now Mrs. Rodney Davidson, of Toorak, what should be more natural than that Mrs. Aitken should also make Christmas cakes for the Duke and Duchess at Lady Gengoult Smith's request?

This custom began when the Duke was here as Governor-General, 1945-47, and continued until the death of Lady Gengoult Smith in 1961.

"I was told that the Duke and Duchess always enjoyed their Australian Christmas cake," Mrs. Aitken said.

When the Queen's present tour of Australia was announced, Mrs. Aitken wrote to the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting asking if the Queen would accept the

gift of a fruit cake during her visit to Melbourne.

Her answer came in a letter from Lady Rose Baring, who replaced the Countess of Leicester as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen on her Australian tour:

"Her Majesty commands me to write and thank you for your letter and for your kind offer to make her one of your plum cakes when she is in Australia next year.

"The Queen bids me tell you how much she appreciates your thought for her, and I am to say that Her Majesty will have much pleasure in accepting your generous gift.

"Perhaps you would be good enough to send your present to the Master of the Household on board H.M.Y. Britannia."

So Mrs. Aitken set to work and made a 10lb. cake with pale pink icing and a pink tulle frill at the base. She decorated it with rosebuds and a lace-piped pattern, with the message "Welcome to Melbourne, Australia."

Then she made arrangements to deliver it personally, with a police escort, to the Britannia.

Here is the recipe:

One pound fresh butter, 1lb. sugar (1lb. white, 1lb. light brown), 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 level dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 level dessertspoon mixed spice, 2 level teaspoons nutmeg (use whole nutmegs grated), 1 1/2lb. currants, 1 1/2lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. packet mixed

peel (moist), 6oz. glacé cherries (free of sugar), 6oz. almonds (blanched and cut fine), 10 eggs (lightly beaten), 5 tablespoons best imported French brandy, 2 tablespoons Wilton King Parisian essence.

Prepare 10in. cake-tin with several layers of brown paper and a final layer of white (writing pad is suitable). Weigh flour and sift with salt and spices. Sift a little of the plain flour over fruit. Cream butter and sugar, adding sugar gradually, and beat till sugar is dissolved. Beat eggs and add to mixture a little at a time. Stir in flour and fruit and almonds alternately. Add Parisian essence and, finally,

the brandy. Mix well. Place in prepared tin. Cook five hours in pre-heated oven at 325 deg. for the first two hours, then reduce to 300 deg. for remainder of cooking.

For the almond icing Mrs. Aitken uses 3lb. prepared almond meal to cover the cake. Her method is to trim the cake, sprinkle three tablespoons of brandy over the surface, brush it lightly with white of egg, then roll out the meal to cover the cake.

The following day she ices her cake, using about 3lb. sifted icing sugar, 4 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 1 dessertspoon glucose, beaten well. She

brushes a clean damp cloth over the almond meal before icing and decorating.

Staff photographer Jim Ellard and I sampled a piece of one of Mrs. Aitken's cakes left over from Christmas. She explained that it hadn't been tinned, but we found it rich, moist, and plummy.

Mrs. Aitken has made cakes for three Lady Mayors of Melbourne—the late Lady Gengoult Smith, Lady Evans (then Mrs. Bernard Evans), and Lady Natham, the present Lady Mayoress.

Her cakes are in demand for Christmas and birthdays. Last year she made twelve 10in. cakes (one specially decorated, the others for cutting) for the 21st birthday

party of Cecil Thomas, of "Carinya Park," Tullamarine—a party for 512 people at Moonee Ponds Town Hall.

She thinks the ingredient which makes all the difference to the flavor of fruit cakes and plum puddings is the French brandy. "It's very important," she says.

Mrs. Aitken's keenest fans are probably her own family, her husband, Albie, 23-year-old son, Gavan, and daughter, Julie, 17.

They say her chocolate cake melts in the mouth and her sponges are marvellous.

Mrs. Thomas, at whose home we met Mrs. Aitken (her own home at St. Albans was topsy-turvy, being painted), was also enthusiastic.

"When Mrs. Aitken arrived to see us at the Show last year with cakes, crowds of our friends appeared from nowhere," Mrs. Thomas said. "Her cakes are wonderful."

## £1000 Royal Hat Contest

● Keep all our color pictures of the Queen's hats in this issue for the Royal Hat Contest.

THE contest was announced in last week's issue.

It is an easy contest.

From last week's paper (February 27) and each succeeding week, just collect the COLOR pictures that show the Queen wearing a hat. Keep them till we announce the date of the issue with the pictures

that will complete your collection.

Then — you're the judge. From your picture-gallery of the Queen's Royal Tour millinery you must choose the 10 hats which you think are the most becoming.

At the end of the contest we will publish an entry coupon. It will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the

Royal hats from which you will make your choice.

After you've decided on the 10 most becoming hats, list them on the entry coupon (which will be numbered from one to 10) in order of preference.

As well, the coupon will include space for you to tell us, in not more than 30 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

When you have filled in the entry coupon, send it to us with — and this is important — the color pictures of your chosen hats.

You may send in as many entries as you like. But each entry must be on a separate coupon and must be accompanied by a set of color pictures of the hats chosen.

The reader whose selection of Royal hats is closest to the 10 hats listed by our panel of judges will be awarded £1000.

If any readers make the same winning choice of hats, the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.





All over  
the world...  
so  
much  
more  
to  
enjoy

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE



# "I know where I stand in Australia"

— says Sydney orchestra's new conductor



DEAN DIXON, like most conductors, has expressive hands. Above: He illustrates a point about a musical instrument. Left: Mrs. Dixon and her daughters with souvenirs Mr. and Mrs. Dixon brought back from their Australian tour. Daughters are Daniela, 17 (next to Mrs. Dixon), Nina, 8, who fell in love with her koala, and Marina, 19.

By BETTY BEST,  
of our London staff

● To meet Dean Dixon, newly appointed conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and his family I flew from London to Germany in a snow storm, then drove 1½ hours through a near blizzard, but it was well worth it.

FOR they are a charming, united family — Mr. Dixon, his Scandinavian wife, a journalist-playwright, their daughter, Nina, 8, and Mrs. Dixon's daughters by her previous marriage, Marina, 19, and Daniela, 17.

Daniela met me at Frankfurt airport.

During our hazardous taxi drive out to their hillside village of Bergen-Erkheim, I learnt she spoke excellent English, German, Italian, Finnish, and Swedish.

She and Marina had been to school in Finland, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and had had to learn a new language each time they had changed schools.

Eight-year-old Nina's conversation is a mixture of Swedish and English.

No subject was taboo while the children were present. Treated as adults, they take an adult interest in any discussion.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon realise that his appointment as conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra affects the girls' lives just as much as theirs.

"You see it is not just a simple change of residence," said Mr. Dixon. "I am retaining my position as head conductor of the Hessischer Rundfunk Symphony here in Frankfurt.

"This means we should all come back here at least once a year.

"It will be quite disorganising for Nina's schooling and it may be equally so if the others take up careers in Australia."

## Not sloppy

Constant mobility is not new to the Dixons, though since Dean Dixon took over the Hesse Radio Orchestra in 1961 they have had a permanent home in Bergen-Erkheim.

He spends 110 working days of each year with the orchestra in Frankfurt and the rest of the time as guest conductor.

I asked him why, with such an ideal arrangement in Europe, he was prepared to go to Australia.

"First and foremost the Australians are a direct people. They don't beat about the bush," he said.

"I hate sloppiness. I like to know where I stand. In Australia I knew that immediately.

"Secondly it is the only country in the world where I can truly say I have not met any racial prejudice."

I must have looked surprised. After all, France is renowned for its lack of racial intolerance.

"Oh, but it is there, all the same," Mrs. Dixon said. "I was a student in Paris . . ."

Dean Dixon said: "You see, I am the only negro conductor in the world. Until I began, negroes were only regarded as jazz musicians. Oh, yes, I was often asked in the early days, 'What band do you play with?' Never 'Which orchestra?'"

"How did I begin?"

"I am told at the age of three I used to walk around the house with two sticks held in the position of a violin and bow.

"So as a child I was given violin lessons. I might say I detested almost every one of them. But as I grew older all I wanted to be was a solo violinist."

When Mr. Dixon, who was born in 1915, got to school-leaving age his family decided that though they would have to make financial sacrifices he should have a chance to take a degree.

"But there were no degrees in solo violin in those days, so I had to choose between an arts or a so-called science degree in music.

"We decided on the science course because it had more practical application.

"At the end of it a man was supposed to be a one-man walking conservatorium.

"During my four years' study I had to learn every single instrument in a symphony orchestra. Not, you understand, to play as a virtuoso, but to play.

"This was the greatest training I could possibly have had as a conductor.

"After I had taken this degree in New York I went on to Columbia University and took the Master of Arts Degree."

It was then that the young

negro was subjected to the full blast of prejudice which finally drove him from his own country.

He looked for a post of residential conductor.

"Instead I was asked to appear as guest conductor with all the major orchestras in the States—just once—to prove their tolerance towards my color.

## "Black man"

"They regarded me as a circus performer. A black man standing up there in front of a white orchestra! It couldn't be taken seriously."

There was no bitterness in Dean Dixon's voice as he told this story. He just stated the facts.

When I asked him if it had turned him into a militant missionary for the negro cause he smiled.

"At the time, of course, yes. But not any more. Now I have nothing else to prove. I have stood before all the major orchestras of the world. That is my answer.

"Many negroes in the States regard me as a traitor because I don't go back and fight about it."

Mrs. Dixon said earnestly: "By not being a crusader he can do more. By conducting so many different orchestras in Europe and England he is acting rather than talking."

I asked how he could leave his current position of prestige in Europe and England to go even for six months of each year to Australia.

"Oh, I can, because I want to," he said.

"You see I have always been most interested of all in the idea of growth.

"I believe that the Sydney Symphony Orchestra will develop very quickly into one of the very few world orchestras of great standing.

"I should love to be part of this growth.

"Also, I love the fact that Australians know how to relax. They can relax without looking or feeling as if they are specially organised to relax. They do it automatically, and, most important of all, as individuals."

After Mr. Dixon left for a rehearsal I discovered what a complete individual he had found in his wife.

Mrs. Dixon, who was for years a journalist in her home town of Helsinki, told me her side of the story in a characteristically direct manner.

"I have not given all these details before," she said. "To explain, I must go back to my student days in Paris before World War II.

"There were always colored people of all nations

Continued on page 9





## PINNOCK SETS THE TREND FOR '63

with a great new range of Australian-made sewing machines — the Trendsetter range — and an entirely new type of vacuum cleaner — the Pinnock Compact. See them now at your Pinnock Retailer.

### PINNOCK *compact*

World's First 3-in-one Home Cleaning System with cyclonic action.

The Pinnock Compact is the most versatile cleaning system ever — a vacuum cleaner, floor polisher, and floor scrubber in one. The Pinnock Compact works on an entirely new principle — Cyclonic Action. The Compact stacks dirt at a 45° angle — away from the motor, so that it cannot obstruct the airflow.

The Pinnock Compact is packed with revolutionary features that other machines will be copying in five or ten years' time. Why wait? You can own the home cleaner of the future — right now!

The Compact Cleaning System (Complete)  
(Vacuum Cleaner, Polish-aire and Magic Disc).  
The Compact Vacuum Cleaner and Polish-aire  
The Compact Vacuum Cleaner, with attachments

65 gns.

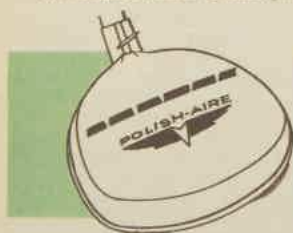
59 gns.

45 gns.

### PINNOCK *trendsetter*

Star of the Trendsetter '63 range — The Fridor Trendsetter Gem. This is it — the most glamorous sewing machine you've ever seen! From its gleaming champagne and white enamel finish, to its deluxe carrying case, the Trendsetter Gem is a style-winner! Packed with features, too. Automatic fabric selector, Automatic zig-zag selector, Automatic bobbin winder, twin needles, button-holing, dial-a-stitch regulator, sews on buttons... these are a few of the Trendsetter features that make Gem the best buy today. And here's a Trendsetter special — the Gem has a transverse shuttle, to give easy access to the bobbin, from the front! See the glamorous Trendsetter Gem for yourself, and marvel at the price! Only 69 gns.

**10 YEAR FREE MECHANICAL SERVICE.** Every Trendsetter machine is backed by a life time guarantee that includes a 10 year free mechanical service. Until now no other Australian manufacturer has dared make this offer!



**The Polish-aire**  
Attach the Polish-aire scrubber-polisher and your Pinnock Compact is ready to put a shine to the dustiest floors.

**The Magic Disc**  
Here's a neat little appliance that makes every other carpet sweeper on the market a museum piece!



Pinnock Trendsetter Standard — 39 gns.



Pinnock Trendsetter Modern — 49 gns.



Fridor Trendsetter Gem Twin Needle Zig-zag — 69 gns.



Fridor Trendsetter Star Deluxe Zig-zag — 72 gns.



Fridor Trendsetter Royal fully automatic — 89 gns.



# Pinnock



**FREE SEWING GUIDE!**  
Magnificent full colour 16-page sewing guide! Easy and advanced sewing information. Full details of the new Trendsetter sewing machines and Compact home cleaner. Write now — no obligation, no cost!

Pinnock Manufacturing Co. Pty. Limited,  
72 Druitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me free sewing guide.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# WORTH REPORTING

BELL that called people to church in Coogee, N.S.W., for more than 70 years is now ringing out for the 40 or so congregation of the tiny Lutheran Church in Dumai, Indonesia.

It began when Mr. William Dowsett, Advertising Director of Australian Consolidated Press, visited Dumai, a small oil-landing port, as a guest of Ampol Petroleum Ltd. There he met Hutta Barat, Indonesian harbormaster who is also the pastor at the church built by the villagers. Hutta Barat greatly impressed Mr. Dowsett, who resolved to do something about his wish for a church bell.

After months of searching, Mr. Dowsett's advertisement was answered by Reverend Wade, of St. Nicholas' Church of England, Coogee, with an offer of a bell. It was a good bronze bell



**PASTOR Hutta Barat receives the bell from Capt. Frank Lond, of the William G. Walkley.**

which had been used in the church until it was replaced by an amplifying system.

Mr. Dowsett had minor repairs made on it and arranged to ship it to Dumai in the Ampol tanker William G. Walkley.

It arrived in time for Christmas services last year.

## In the hall of cat fame

SIMON, aged 5½, wants to join our gallery of famous cats. His claim to fame is a kill of 14 snakes, including a 3ft. 6in. brown. He is also feared by bandicoots and rats.

Simon's owners, Janice Nielson, 22, and her sister Nolene, 18, last year moved house in Queensland with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Nielson, from Nambour to Cairns.

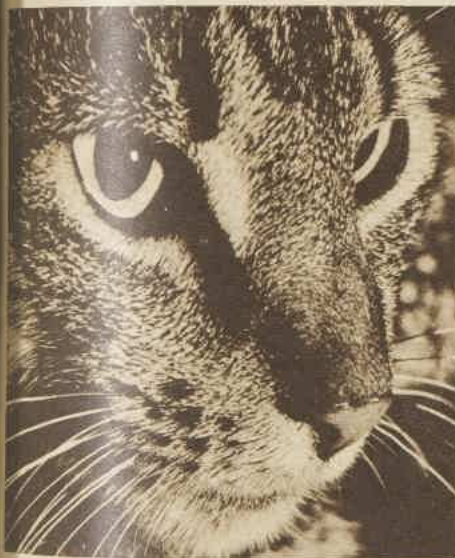
This is how they describe their pet:

"Before being adopted he was an orphan living with a multitude of distant relations behind a grocer's shop. Pedigree and ancestry vague but irrelevant, weight 15lb. (has lost weight in the tropics).

"Lived in Nambour as a country cat for 4½ years, where he won fame as a hunter, specialising in snakes.

"Three of his nine lives gone in dog attacks.

"Now a city cat, devoted to home and family (us), but hates other cats, male or female. Never strays other than short snake forays, always brings home prize."



**MESMERIC STARE of Simon the cat.**

## Space-age shorthand

WHAT would Sir Isaac Pitman have said! Shorthand students are now taught with the aid of a tape-recorder and tachistoscope.

This modern method has been introduced at a Melbourne business college.

And Peter Pitman, great-grandson of the founder of shorthand, Sir Isaac Pitman, helped to introduce the new techniques to the college.

He is son-in-law of the college principal, Mr. Bill Holmes. Jenny Holmes met and married Peter when she was working in London as a shorthand instructor at the Pitman College.

They visited Melbourne recently.

Eighteen students were chosen to take the experimental course. Their instructor, Mrs. G. J. Daymond, hopes to get them to 100 words a minute in 36 weeks instead of 52 weeks.

By tape-recorder, exercises can be played at accurate and increasing speeds.

While students are writing, the teacher can get around among them and correct errors, not only in their shorthand but in the way they sit and hold the pen.

The tape-recorder also plays odd words out of context, to give students practice in spontaneous reaction to them.

The tachistoscope — a slide projector with a shutter over the front — flashes shorthand symbols on to a screen. Students copy and translate what they see — speeding their eye and brain response to outlines.

Co-director of the college Mr. David Sholl says most good shorthand writers can do 100-150 words a minute; experts touch 200.

The fastest shorthand writer he recalls was his uncle, who could do 300 a minute — left-handed.

## New orchestra conductor

— From page 7



**COACHED by her mother, Nina practises packing her new suitcase (an Australian gift from her parents) for the journey to Australia.**

at parties I attended, and I hated mixing with them. I was frightened of them."

Marina, Daniela, and Nina were listening as if to their favorite story.

The room was warm with interest and by their faces you could tell we were coming to their favorite part.

"Then one night in 1951 I went to a symphony concert at Helsinki.

"The usual conductor was ill and they had engaged Dean to stand in for him.

"Before a single note had been played it happened. As this man walked on to the stand I knew: 'This is the man I've got to marry!' I was so shocked by my own reaction that I was trembling.

"After all, you must understand, I was already quite comfortably married, I had two beautiful daughters and

a very good career.

"Most of all I could not understand how I could possibly be attracted to a negro.

"It was not his fame that drew me, for he was practically unknown in Europe at the time.

"I was determined to meet him. I phoned a concert master I knew and asked him to arrange a newspaper interview.

"He said he would do so at a cocktail party at his house. I arrived there before Dean and was so nervous I stood by a window talking to no one. Then he walked in and once again I knew 'This is the man I must marry!'

"I was so shocked and embarrassed by the force of my feeling that I turned and walked quickly out of the room. He was furious, thinking I had snubbed him.

"He followed me and we talked—and that was that!"

But that was not that for the rest of Helsinki. For a year during her divorce Mrs. Dixon was an outcast.

"Most of my friends thought I was mad and my family could not forgive me," she said.

"In Scandinavia it was regarded as a terrible scandal. You see it was not just the divorce; it was wanting to marry a negro.

"Some of my family have never forgiven me.

"When finally we could be married, and I could have my daughters with me, we went to Sweden.

"Dean became Head Conductor of the Gothenburg Symphony and later we went to live in Italy."

I looked at the circle of happy faces around me. There was no doubt of their joy in their mother's story.

Perhaps that is why, in the middle of a blizzard and with the temperature way below zero, the Dixon home felt one of the warmest I have ever been in.

## Results of "Baby Talk" No. 1

● A bright caption transforming the baby into a businessman won first prize of £20 for Mr. A. M. Rush, 357 Warrigal Road, Burwood, Vic.

MR. RUSH'S winning caption in our "Baby Talk" Contest No. 1 was:

"And that is why the directors recommend no dividend."

Here are the other award-winning entries: £10 runner-up prize to Mrs. J. Walsh, 7 Hallam Rd., Belgrave, Vic.

"Boy, did I get taken to the cleaners!"

Prizes of £5 each: V. L. Murray, Esmond St., Emerald, Qld.

"Certainly I said at the beginning of the tour that we'd play bright cricket, but

Mrs. G. Williams, c/o Post Office, Erica, Vic.

"How many more skeins to wind, dear?"

Prizes of £2 each: Mrs. M. Inglis, Flat 5, 42 Kinsella St., Joondanna, W.A.

"Why ask me? Ask your mother, she wears the—well, ask her anyway."

Mrs. M. Marnoch, "Warrah," Holbrook, N.S.W.

"All that Common Market worry for nothing."

Mrs. Nancy Williams, Dawson Motors, Taroom, Qld.

"Look, dear, of course your mother is welcome to stay with us."

Mrs. W. M. Cooper, 33 Crowley Crescent, West Ryde, N.S.W.

"And this chick says, 'Leave your surfboard home and bring your dad's cruiser!'"

Mrs. S. Meredith, 26 Hill St., Bulli, N.S.W.

"Look, lady, a right-hand turn means a right-hand turn..."

By a huge majority, entrants envisaged the baby as male. Favorite roles for him were unfortunate speculator, hard-bargaining businessman, disgusted cricket fan, and innocent victim of official questioning.

There were many variations of "Search me." "You won't pin anything on me."

Many captions were based on the Common Market, and there were references to women drivers, mothers-in-



law, and housekeeping money.

Generally, entries were bright and appropriate, but

the use of trade names spoils the chances of some.

Results of "Baby Talk" No. 2 will appear next week.





## SOCIAL *By Mary Colles* ROUNDBABOUT

**THE** Hon. Catherine Sidney, the petite, fair-haired, 20-year-old daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, was the pace-setter in the art of perfect curtsying during the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Canberra.

Always she made a "full treatment" Court curtsy to the Royal couple with faultless grace—bending so low that the hemlines of her very short, full skirts swept the ground with a dramatic swish.

★ ★ ★  
**THE** Queen's bedroom in the Royal suite at "Yarralumla" was so pretty and feminine—just redecorated with pale grey walls, a deeper grey carpet, and curtains and bedspread of white chintz patterned with deep red roses and green leaves. The head of the bed was padded with quilted chintz in exactly the same shade of green as the leaves. From their suite the Royal couple looked across to the Brindabella Ranges, which were bathed in a dazzling sunset on the evening of their arrival.

★ ★ ★  
**DAME** PATTIE MENZIES chose a table decor of red dahlias and white candles at the dinner party she and the Prime Minister gave at "The Lodge" before the State reception—as a tribute to the red-and-white colorings of the Menzies tartan. Incidentally, Mr. Menzies and Dame Pattie are looking forward to a wonderful reunion in April with their daughter and son-in-law, Heather and Peter Henderson, and their daughters, Edwina, Penelope, and Catriona, who is fifteen months old. They are returning to live in Canberra from Switzerland, where Peter will shortly complete his term as First Secretary at the Australian Consulate.

★ ★ ★  
**TALKING** point at the State reception was the coincidence that Dame Pattie Menzies and Dame Enid Lyons were wearing gowns made of exactly the same deep sapphire-blue brocaded satin. Dame Enid bought hers "off the peg" at a shop in Devonport, Tasmania, and Dame Pattie's was made to order for her in Sydney.

★ ★ ★  
**PARENTS** with family birthday anniversaries on their minds during the festivities in Canberra included the Queen and Prince Philip, whose baby son, Prince Andrew, had his third birthday last week, and the Governor-General's Official Secretary, Mr. Murray Tyrrell, and his wife. Their elder daughter, Leonie, celebrated her twenty-third birthday on the same day as the little Prince, and they put a phone call through to London to wish her "many happy returns." Leonie, who has been abroad for 16 months, has an interesting job as a laboratory technician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She will return home toward the end of the year to be bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister Margot to George Martin, of Tumbaramba.

★ ★ ★  
**AFTER** a terrific whirl of Royal functions in Canberra and Melbourne, Frankie Fairbairn, the attractive daughter of the Minister for Air, Mr. David Fairbairn, and Mrs. Fairbairn, of "Dunraven," Woomargama, dashed off to the Victorian Western District to join Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Mackinnon's house party for the visit of Prince Richard to their property, "Langiwilli," Skipton. Before returning from Victoria Frankie will be bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Gay Fairbairn, to Robert Morton, of Romsey, at the Church of England, Benalla, on March 2. Gay, whose five attendants will include Jane Carnegie, of "Kildrummie," Holbrook, is the daughter of Mr. G. A. Fairbairn, of Mt. Martha, and Mrs. Cecil Gardner, of "Barina," Benalla.

**THE QUEEN'S LAUGHTER** as she left the State reception at Parliament House, Canberra, with the Prime Minister was provoked by a barrage of blinding lights from Press and television cameras. Dazzled by the glare the Queen told Mr. Menzies she couldn't see, and when he replied he couldn't either she gaily commented, "Then it's a case of the blind leading the blind!" The picture was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

**AT RIGHT:** Before attending the State reception Mr. and Mrs. H. B. (Joe) Gullett (couple on left), and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wentworth and their younger daughter Miss Georgina Wentworth (centre) dined together at the Rex Hotel.





# ROYAL VISIT TO CANBERRA



ABOVE: From left, Mr. and Mrs. John Howse, of Canberra, with the Minister for Immigration, Mr. A. R. Downer, and his wife, at the State reception for the Queen and Prince Philip at Parliament House. After speeches in the King's Hall, the Royal couple moved about chatting with guests in the floodlit courtyards at Parliament House.

ARRIVING at the State reception the Queen (followed by Prince Philip and Dame Pattie Menzies) turned and waved to cheering crowds keeping a Royal vigil on the lawns outside floodlit Parliament House. During the evening the Queen and Prince Philip also greeted the public from a small balcony on the Senate side of the House.



LADY DOWLING, wife of the Australian Secretary to the Queen, Vice-Admiral Sir Roy Dowling, pictured at the State reception with her youngest daughter, Miss Rosemary Dowling, who has just returned from abroad.

BELOW: The Ambassador for the Philippines, Mr. Mariano Espeleta, and Mrs. Espeleta were among members of the Diplomatic Corps at the State reception at Parliament House to welcome the Queen and Prince Philip to Australia. Pictures at the State reception were taken by staff photographer Don Cameron.



CHAIRMAN of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, Air Marshal Sir Frederick Scherger, and Lady Scherger, arriving at Parliament House for the State reception.



keep woollens like new  
with **ZERO**  
CONCENTRATED  
WOOL SHAMPOO

Now it's so easy to keep your woollens as soft and warm as new—thanks to Zero! Ordinary washing dulls colour and hardens wool...only Zero is scientifically made to revive old woollens, protect new ones, and keep them soft.



**ZERO IS  
GUARANTEED  
NOT TO SHRINK  
OR MAT WOOL!**

It softens hard water, and is as kind to your hands as it is to your woollens.

**ZERO IS ECONOMICAL!**

Because it is so concentrated, you will find that one pack washes an amazing number of woollens.

**USE ZERO FOR...**

Knitwear—cashmere—mohair—lambs' wool—angora—mixed fibres and synthetic knitteds—baby wear—blankets—rugs.

Look for this Zero pack on display at your favourite store now!

**FATHER**



"I didn't mean to criticise, dear, but the goulash does need more salt."

**MOTHER**



"But I AM making the toast... when I smell burning I know that it's done."

# It seems to me

**H**OORAY for P.C. William Hamilton, retiring London police constable who has promised to teach Miss Margaret Hunter, Britain's celebrated failed-learner, to drive a car.

P.C. Hamilton's motives in offering Miss Hunter free lessons may not be entirely disinterested.

He intends to open a driving school, and probably has an eye on free publicity.

To make this publicity of real value, he has to succeed where others have failed. (And Miss Hunter, who may well be tired of the whole thing, has to agree to further limelight.)

You will remember that Miss Hunter's earlier lessons gained world-wide attention when an instructor, crying, "This is lunacy" leapt out of the car.

Although she did seem a sensationally unsuccessful pupil, I had more than a shred of sympathy for her. If I had depended entirely on professional teaching I'd have gone bankrupt before gaining a licence. Aptitudes vary, and my first ten lessons hardly scratched the surface.

What cheered me to persist until panic was replaced by—well, confidence is too strong a term—say, optimism was the remembrance of a friend whom I had found in tears after 20 lessons.

"I'll never learn," she sobbed. When I met her six months later she was shouting impolite criticisms at truck-drivers.

**I**N banning initiation ceremonies at the three agricultural colleges of New South Wales, the Director of Agriculture, Dr. Edgar, has made a move that other schools and universities should follow.

The pupil at Hawkesbury Agricultural College who became ill as a result of "ragging" drew attention to this barbarity.

Dr. Edgar has said that it would be left to the headmasters and staff to see that the ban was imposed.

The headmasters would find that task easier if there were a blanket ruling from higher up that boys who took part in these "ceremonies" could be expelled.

One television interviewer of Dr. Edgar confused the issue by asking questions about University Commem. Day. "rags." These are quite different. They are performed in public. Some are very funny. Occasionally some are over the odds. But they bear no relation to the secret, sometimes cruel and always childish, nonsense that is labelled "initiation."

At this stage it is not right to attach too much blame to those who have let such things happen in the past.

Initiations stem from savagery, and have long been tacitly sanctioned on snobbish grounds. Boys have felt that they were identifying themselves with a pack, and a pack which flourished in upper-class schools.

By



Dorothy Drain

**E**VERY woman watching the telecast of the Canberra Parliamentary Reception to the Queen last week admired her magnificent emerald-and-diamond necklace and tiara, but nobody admired them more sincerely than the staff of this paper.

By a great piece of luck the cover we had chosen for the issue on sale the same week showed Her Majesty wearing this jewellery, which was bequeathed to her by her grandmother Queen Mary.

The emeralds (seen again in this issue) are known as the "lottery emeralds" because they were won, originally, by the Duchess of Cambridge in a State Lottery in France early in the 19th century.

The Duchess of Cambridge gave them to the Duchess of Teck, who gave them to her daughter, Queen Mary.

Some are worn as drops in the ears (which was of Russian origin), the others in the necklace.

**T**ELEVISION viewers see more of events such as the Parliamentary Reception than do a great many of the guests.

When the Queen began her speech with a little joke, Prince Philip wore a pleased smile. (Replying to Mr. Menzies, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Menzies, she said: "I am also very happy to note that on this occasion you are all of one mind.")

The idea of putting some mild humor into Royal speeches is probably Prince Philip's. His smile certainly carried that implication.

**T**HREE girl newsreaders have been taken off the newsreader panel of an independent British TV company because they are too glamorous. Viewers were said to be too conscious of the girls' appearance to take in the full meaning of the news.

*A pretty girl who airs her views  
Is not an unattractive type,  
Especially if she has some clues  
And doesn't rage or rant or gripe.*

*But when it comes to reading news  
She isn't fairly in the race.  
Her listeners, stubbornly obtuse,  
Are concentrated on her face.*

*To blame her is unfair, absurd,  
But hearers steadfastly refuse  
To understand the cleared word  
Of pretty girls who read the news.*



# MISS AUSTRALIA OF 1956 IS NOW MRS.

● Young choristers provided a brilliant splash of color when they formed a guard of honor for June Finlayson — who was Miss Australia 1956 — and Englishman Ralph Montagu after their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse. The choir sang during the wedding ceremony and the bride and groom stopped to say "thank you" on the steps of the church.



**J**UNE'S graceful dress of delustrated satin was made in London and then embroidered in Hong Kong.

Her only attendant was Miss Jill Park, of Melbourne, an air-hostess with whom June shared a flat during her modelling days in Melbourne. Best man was Martin Kempe, of Beccles, Suffolk. He flew out with Ralph for the wedding.

June met her husband during her third visit to England while, as Lisa Finlayson, she was appearing on a B.B.C. television quiz programme. They originally planned to marry in the tiny centuries-old village church at Beccles, where Ralph has a farm. Then June decided that she wanted to be married in the church she had attended during her schooldays at Kambala, Rose Bay, and she came home to plan her wedding.

The couple will spend their honeymoon on the Northern Star, which sails for England via Tahiti and Trinidad. They will live on Ralph's farm, and June plans to continue her television career.

She is the only daughter of Mrs. J. W. Finlayson, of Vacluse, and the late Mr. Finlayson, and Ralph (June calls him Rafe) is the younger son of Captain and Mrs. Charles Montagu, of Beccles.

Picture at left: a kiss from the bridegroom.

*Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*





## Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; they don't wash often enough.

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard your natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.



RX1/03 WW122



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Twist to reduce

THE Twist has done wonders for my figure. I am a 27-year-old mother of four young children. A month ago I weighed 12 stone and my measurements were 36-30-42. I took up Twisting, and this, added to dieting, has reduced my weight to nine and a half stone and my measurements to 36-25-36. So take a hint, young mothers who have lost your figures, start dieting and doing the Twist. £1/1/- to "Twister" (name supplied), Northland, N.Z.

### The parents stayed silent

HOW can I show parents that I do not approve of their children's behaviour in my home? I do not regard myself as being "house proud," but I do not approve of children being allowed to play "slidings" on polished floors or of wrestling in my lounge-room and wiping their shoes over newly painted walls in the process. Recently my brother's three children visited me and performed these feats without any reprimand from their parents. £1/1/- to "Concerned" (name supplied), Peakhurst, N.S.W.

### Baby liked black tea

MY nephew started drinking black tea without sugar at the age of nine months. However, if he was offered "white" tea he would refuse it. Is this unusual taste in a baby so young? £1/1/- to "Annabella" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

### Her helpless husband

MY husband is extremely helpless. He leaves his lathered shaving-brush for me to rinse and put away each morning. He says I have all day in which to do such things. His working day does not start until 9 a.m., he says. £1/1/- to "Helpful Helpmate" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

### Politeness pays off

WE often hear mothers telling their children to do something without saying "Please" or "Thank You." I always thank my child for doing a job for me and get far better results than those parents who don't. After all, a child is an individual and doesn't "belong" simply to be made to do menial tasks like a servant. £1/1/- to "June" (name supplied), Cranbrook, W.A.

### Rough and ready

NO, "Jessie" (N.S.W.), you are not a snob in expecting a little more than a rough-and-ready meal when invited by a friend to lunch. I, too, would be upset, as I dislike a slap-dash mealtime and always try to serve an attractive meal, be it to guests or just the family. In these days of easily laundered, inexpensive, and attractive tablecloths and pretty china, there is no need for a meal to be drab. £1/1/- to Correne Kendrick, Sunshine, Vic.

"JESSIE," you are a snob! You don't appreciate a natural friend when you have one. O for a friend who isn't forever trying to make an impression, who can admit her faults, and possibly accept ours. Visit her again. She may teach you something about life. £1/1/- to Mrs. M. Camilleri, Mackay, Qld.

"JESSIE," you are obviously a refined type of person unable to tolerate rough-and-ready ways. Meet other folk of your own type. Do not lower yourself to your former friend's level. £1/1/- to Constance Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

I HAVE found that unconventional people are wonderful friends, with always a helping hand, are usually uncritical, and often very interesting. It will be a pity if you lose such a friend, "Jessie." £1/1/- to "Great Gran" (name supplied), E. Victoria Park, W.A.

HOWEVER poor one is there is no need for slovenliness. A cloth and nice china on the table pay dividends — even when you are alone. You are not a snob, "Jessie." You have a natural desire for gracious living. £1/1/- to Mrs. H. E. Brook, Finchley Park, S.A.

OBVIOUSLY "Jessie" does not abide by the slogan "Those who care don't matter. And those who matter don't care" — as does her friend, Jessie was probably quite right in expecting some sign of preparation for her visit. Yet the hostess showed no embarrassment, so why should the guest? £1/1/- to "Friendship" (name supplied), Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I BOUGHT a shirt last week and took it home with eager anticipation.

It was packed in a box with a transparent plastic top, as if it were a precious work of art in a glass case. They do up shirts in a very elaborate way nowadays.

As soon as I got home I wanted to try it on. But this was not as simple as it sounds.

When I took the shirt out of its plastic case it was as stiff as a board. There were various things inside to keep it in shape.

I had to admire the clever way it was fixed. The tail — the least glamorous part of a shirt — and the sleeves were tucked away at the back and fastened there with pins.

To get at the shirt I had to take the pins out first. Then I pulled out a great oblong bit of cardboard stuffed in the middle of the shirt.

After that I found another piece of cardboard inside the collar, and removed it with some effort.

I still couldn't undo the collar button, because there was a piece of plastic shaped like a butterfly clipped on to it.

These butterflies are a new idea.

### STUFFED SHIRT

They may have been invented by the chap who thought of putting those little white things inside the points of collars.

After pulling out the plastic butterfly, I had only to undo half a



dozen buttons and take off the price tag and the shirt was ready to try on.

I put my arms into it and did it up. With a shock of disappointment I found that it was too small. Or perhaps I was too big. I have been slipping back into the old toast-eating ways lately.

I took the shirt off, and a poor crumpled thing it looked. Before I could take it back to the shop I felt bound to put it in the plastic

case in the condition in which I had found it.

I did up the buttons and tucked the cardboard thing inside the collar. But I could not find the plastic butterfly anywhere. It may have been picked up by Baby Pip.

Then I stuffed the great cardboard stiffener inside the shirt. As for pinning up the sleeves and tail, I gave up hope of doing the job properly. I just hid them somehow and shoved the whole thing into the plastic case as well as I could.

I took the shirt back next day. The man at the counter agreed to change it but he looked disgusted with the way it was packed. I was frightened he might ask what I had done with the plastic butterfly, but fortunately he said nothing.

The point I wish to make is this. The habit of putting things inside clothes is growing fast. They do it to socks now — I saw a pair of little girl's socks with a queer cardboard bat inside them — and hankies and underpants. Soon it may spread to ladies' clothes, and there will be girdles on big plywood frames.

Isn't it time the industry called a halt and thought it over? After all, it's the shirt you want — not the plastic butterfly.



# How to make crime pay

(Author of our new mystery serial has the secret)



MARGERY ALLINGHAM, who has written dozens of successful thrillers, based many characters on eccentric relatives.

## ● It's hard to associate kind, humorous Margery Allingham with a life of crime.

MISS Allingham wrote our new serial, "The China Governess," which begins in next week's issue, featuring amateur detective Albert Campion.

Miss Allingham comes of a literary family. One ancestor wrote 18th-century melodramas, a great-uncle wrote boys' school stories, her grandfather ran a popular religious weekly, her father edited the "London Journal" until he retired to write boys' stories and thrillers, her mother wrote romances.

With this background, young Margery, eldest of the family, was "just put down to work like an apprentice" and was in print at the age of 16.

She combined both parents' talents in gripping adventure stories with a touch of romance.

Miss Allingham has covered a lot of ground (and paper) since those days. Alongside every step of the way has been Philip Youngman Carter, artist, editor, and writer. They have been married for some 35 years.

"We first met when I was 17," said Mrs. Carter reflectively. "Pip's mother had once been engaged to my

father, but there was a quarrel and the families weren't speaking—until some friend or uncle introduced us two.

"Pip was an art student then, and he drew the cover for my first book. We married when I was about 20—and he's drawn the covers for every book I've

ever written since, as well as all his other work."

For the past 30 years the Carters have lived in an enchanting 17th-century house in a little Essex village 50 miles from London.

They rebuilt the old stables into a studio for Mr. Carter, with a small study above for his wife and a darkroom for her sister Joyce, who runs the house for them and is an expert photographer.

The only relic of the stable is a horse-box door, still opening at top and bottom—in case Mr. Carter should want to put his head out for a nosebag, they say.

Christina, the cook, and a pair of Scotch border collies complete the household.

The male collie, Brock, has special gifts as a do-it-yourself draught-excluder.

When he comes into a room and encounters that

customary maddened roar of "Shut the door!" Brock flings himself at it, prancing and shoving till he slams it shut, and comes back with beaming face and waving tail.

The life of crime takes a tranquil course in the Carter menage—and certainly pays.

"When I first started, everyone asked me where I found all these splendid mad eccentrics," Miss Allingham said. "Well, I was just writing about my relatives. When I started getting to know normal people, I found them extraordinary at first."

Her amateur detective Albert Campion is not based on any family figure. "He started as a sort of goon type—a bland idiot who wandered into clues by accident," she said.

When his wife wasn't listening, Mr. Youngman Carter said privately—from the horse-box's mouth, so to speak—that he thought "The China Governess" was the best book she had ever written.

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# Joan Sutherland

## PART FOUR

● For years many critics had recognised greatness in Joan Sutherland, the girl from Sydney. But she didn't achieve popular fame till early in 1959 when she carried a London audience by storm with an electrifying "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Italian opera about the betrayed Scottish girl who goes mad. Rarely had the Royal Opera House seen such an ovation. In one night she had become a star.

By RUSSELL BRADDON

THE Press notices next day were of the kind for which all artists pray. Sutherland had enjoyed a success at Covent Garden which hitherto had been granted only to Melba, Patti, and Callas.

She herself did not realise the full implications of "Lucia's" opening-night success until offers of contracts began to pour in from all over the world. Germany, Italy, Vienna, and America all, it seemed, wanted Sutherland.

At this point, still nagged by Richard, she raised her sights.

Once she had hoped only to sing in Sydney's Town Hall; then, in any capacity, to sing at Covent Garden's Royal Opera House; then to be the centre piece of a special Opera House production. Now, she agreed with her husband, having triumphed at Covent Garden, she must also triumph at each of the three other citadels of world opera — Milan, Paris, and New York; La Scala, l'Opera, the Metropolitan.

As soon as her £60-a-week contract with Covent Garden had expired, they agreed, she must attack all three.

Alone in her dressing-room with Gertie Stelzel, however, Sutherland confessed her true feelings.

"All this money people are offering," she muttered, "it's incredible."

"You get as much as you can," the dresser urged sensibly.

"You mean, while I can," Sutherland corrected with that cynical pessimism which is typical of so many great stars. "Oh well, we'll see."

Meantime, however, there was the slight matter of an operation she had promised she would undergo. After her final "Lucia," she rang up Ivor Griffiths, the Royal Opera's medical specialist, and arranged an appointment.

"WELL," said Griffiths, "I'm not so enthusiastic now." Sutherland had become the operatic sensation of the world: if he operated and her voice vanished—which was more than possible—what would the world think then?

"Anyway," he perorated, "you're not a rich girl, so you probably can't afford my fee. Let someone else do it and I'll wait."

"I've just got £300 for a concert," she retorted. "And, anyway, you must do it. No one else."

"Now look, Joan, you've got to the top

—God knows how, because with sinuses and antrums like yours it isn't possible: but you have. You've learnt to sing like an angel with all that muck in your head. How do we know you'll still be able to sing like an angel without it? Every resonance chamber will be different."

"I know. But if my voice is ruined—well, too bad. You must operate."

"All right—provided I can tell David Webster everything. Otherwise I'm not risking my professional reputation."

So Griffiths consulted with the Covent Garden Administrator; and a statement was issued to the Press that Miss Sutherland had to have an operation.

At once there came a flood of letters—letters imploring Sutherland not to risk her voice; letters abusing Griffiths for his proposed vandalism against what was now regarded as public property; letters suggesting faith healers, herbalists, Christian Science, anything but surgery.

Joan's answer was simple. To Sir David she simply said: "I trust Ivor one hundred per cent.," and added, with impressive humility, "God gave me my voice. If He wants me to, I'll keep it."

The rest she ignored.

Griffiths also ignored the letters: but there was a titled lady of exalted rank whom he could not ignore, because she called him constantly on the telephone. Finally he used her as an outlet for all his pent-up fury.

"Madam," he said coldly into the speaker, "I am a surgeon of long standing. Miss Sutherland is at the beginning of a great career. And you can take it from me, I'd never operate on her unless I thought it absolutely necessary both from the medical and from the musical point of view. Now, if you—having seen all the X-rays—I presume you can read X-rays?—can advise me how to cure this girl of her very serious condition, without surgery, I'd be very glad of your advice. Otherwise," and now he was shouting, "I'm not interested in the interference of amateurs!"

This disposed of the titled lady and thereby—in Griffiths' mind—of all her innumerable, plebeian allies as well. He was now free to plan the long complicated operation he must perform.

But he was not free from fear. Constantly he told himself that many sportsmen had become supreme in their field by compensating for one defect with the heightened use of another asset. Would Bradman without slender wrists, he asked himself, ever have developed such speed around the tennis court?

Would Rosewall, if not so short, ever have developed such speed around the tennis court?



**FAITHFUL FAN.** A German girl student greets Joan Sutherland as she arrives at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, an hour before the curtain goes up for a first-night performance. The singer had noticed her many times, knew her only as Elke.

And what would have happened to Bradman had suddenly his wrists been strengthened? Or Rosewall had his body been elongated?

Equally—and much more so—what would happen to Sutherland, who had learnt to sing marvellously, in spite of the fact that every vital resonance chamber was clogged with sponge-like polyps, when suddenly he scraped clean and emptied all those resonance chambers? It was almost inconceivable that she would be able to resume making the exquisitely pure and glorious sounds she did. And yet, if he did not operate, she would certainly develop mastoids; she would certainly suffer permanent damage to her lungs; she would certainly be crippled; and she would certainly lose her voice.

So, he must operate.

Which being the case, there were several points, exceptional to her case, to which he must at once give thought.

The first was a means of peeling back the upper lip and opening up the whole of the top jaw without damaging any of those laboriously and expensively acquired capped teeth.

Another question was how to devise a means of administering the anesthetic, for a very long operation, with a tube down the Sutherland throat—her nose and face could not be masked—without damaging the priceless Sutherland vocal cords.

What followed was the most hazardous episode in any prima donna's career.

On a March Monday, Sutherland entered the London Clinic, sick with fright. She had fought so long, and often so alone, for what, only a month ago, she had at last won. Now in a few hours on the operating table she might lose it all.

"So what if you do?" retorted husband Richard, with a courage and gentleness that she was always to remember. "You've made your success. We can always teach! Now don't worry."

"We'll give you some stuff in the morning to make you drowsy, and then knock you off later," Griffiths explained with a surgeon's mordant humor.

After the stuff to make her drowsy, she was given an injection at 9 a.m. in the theatre ante-room.

"Count to ten," the anesthetist ordered.

She subsequently remembered clearly counting up to eight; but she stopped talking at six.

The anesthetist inserted a specially made tube, very fine and very soft, down her throat and into her lungs—and then rendered her totally unconscious. Now it was Griffiths' turn.

At last very cautiously the anesthetist began to withdraw the soft, thin tube that he and Griffiths had devised specially for this operation. Only very slight damage could ever be inflicted on any patient's vocal cords by this withdrawal. In this case, however, the problem was how to avoid any damage at all. But in the end, it was done.

They had been at work for two and a half hours and it was one of the bloodiest operations Griffiths had ever performed. At 12 o'clock Sutherland woke up. Her throat was parched. A sister was mopping her face.

"What's all the fuss about?" the patient asked. "This isn't any worse than sinusitis."

"Good. But you'll be a bit uncomfortable when we take the dressing out."

To page 24



# Television

## ALL LOVE FATHER

• Five years ago Niece Kelly and her famous Uncle Bentley, of "Bachelor Father," made their bow to Australian TV audiences.

**T**HEY had a varied reception. Some people liked them, but many were indifferent.

Today, there is no indifference. All viewers love them, and "Bachelor Father" is one of Australia's top-rated shows.

Other things are different, too. Noreen Corcoran, who plays Niece Kelly, has grown from a pretty 14-year-old, short-haired schoolgirl to a very pretty girl of 19, engaged to be married.

John Forsythe, that good-looking, rather elegant bachelor, is five years older, too, but he is in that age-group where the question of years is glossed over quickly.

He's still unmarried on TV, still a slippery customer to the procession of pretty girls who have tried to get him to the altar. In real life he's married to Julie Warren, formerly a well-known musical-comedy actress.

The sad thing about "Bachelor Father" is that production of it has finished in America. Happily, Australians still have many hours of enjoyment ahead from the show.

Noreen was sadder than any other member of the cast the day they filmed the last episode in Hollywood. She couldn't keep her eyes dry off camera.

"This is awful," she said. "It's like saying good-bye to your mother. It really is. I cried all last night. Just couldn't stop. And I guess I'm not through yet."

John Forsythe didn't make things any easier for her. He refused to help her through her tears.

"Noreen is a very emotional girl," he said. "She cries every time she signs a contract. She's cried every year when we've finished a season. If we're sympathetic, we'll have to get the mops out before this day is over."

John didn't look at all perturbed. "I'm like that," he said. "I'll look and sound as unconcerned as that chair, but inside I'm all churned up. It's rather like a member of the family dying. The reaction sets in later."

He said he thought the end of "Bachelor Father" was timely because they were quitting at their top, not waiting till their ratings started to slide downhill.

Sammee Tong, who plays Uncle Bentley's treasure of a house-boy, Peter, is more than just a house-boy. He was born in San Francisco, spent many years in Honolulu, and finally left California's Stanford University to take to the stage.

This strange combination — a sophisticated man of the world, a plump school-girl, and an oriental house-boy—have become the heart of one of the nicest family shows on TV.

—Nan Musgrove

LEFT: Noreen Corcoran and John Forsythe in their roles as Niece Kelly and Uncle Bentley of the entertaining TV family show "Bachelor Father."



# CROWDS FLOCK TO TV WEDDING

By NAN MUSGROVE

Special police had to be called to control the crowds that jammed Macquarie Street last Saturday to see TV's wedding-of-the-year, the marriage of Frank Partridge, V.C., and Barbara Dunlop.

THE approaches to Sydney's fashionable Stephen's were crowded from 1 o'clock, although the wedding was not until 5 p.m.

By 4 p.m. a crowd of nearly 3000 surged outside the locked doors of the church. All the public seats available had been full since 3 p.m. and church officers had allowed guests to enter when they showed their wedding invitations.

Frank Partridge won the V.C. in 1945, when he was 18 and a rifleman with the A.M.F. on Bougainville.

He entered the national spotlight again last year when, aged 36, he was chosen to appear as a contestant on "P.P. Pick-a-Box."

In May, 1960, he was suggested to Bob Dyer as a likely entrant in the quiz by Alan Zammit—who was the best man at the wedding.

Frank made his first appearance on January 22, 1962, and in 12 months won almost £13,000 in goods and cash.

His amazing wins — Partridge left a bush school near Blackville on the Far North Coast of N.S.W. when he was 13 — have brought him further fame, but, most importantly, happiness.

They made it possible for him to marry the girl he was in love with, Barbara Dunlop, a nursing sister at Manly District Hospital.

At the ceremony, at which the Rev. Gordon Powell

officiated, Partridge bestowed on Barbara a diamond wedding ring and eternity ring he had won on TV.

The apricot-and-white wedding scheme was a perfect foil for her coloring.

Barbara has the prettiest-colored hair I have ever seen. It is a beautiful pale apricot, neither blond nor red, and as fine as silk.

Ordinarily she wears it severely in a chignon, but for her wedding day it was dressed in a soft French roll.

The reception for 256 guests was at the Australia Hotel, in the Amethyst Room, fondly remembered as the Wintergarden by millions of Australians.

A small ornamental fountain played in front of the bridal table, picturesque with silver candelabra. Three shallow steps led from the fountain on to the dance floor where the magnificent three-tiered wedding cake stood. It was made by the bride's mother.

## Rich fare

The menu was Hors-d'oeuvre a la Russe, Fruit Cocktail, Chicken Marechale (chicken crumbed, fried, and served hot with ham, asparagus, peas, beans, and potatoes), Pavlova Chantilly with crushed nuts and ice-cream, coffee, and after-dinner mints.

Such a mammoth function was a trifle to the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Dunlop, of Turramurra, N.S.W.

In the week before the wedding they had held open house for Barbara's friends and relatives to see her trousseau and presents. I was the 250th visitor.

Barbara is no modern bride who thinks a trousseau is a change of undies and a new toothbrush. Her mother told me she started her glory-box when she was only a very little girl.

"I think she was six the day she came running home with a cheap little glass dish she'd won at school," said Mrs. Dunlop.

"She said, 'Buy me a glory-box, Mum. I want to put this in it.'"

It is obvious that Barbara has spent the years between her sixth birthday and her 28th preparing for her marriage.

I didn't find the little glass dish that started it, but I did see the first doily she embroidered at school in spoke-stitch and lovingly laid away.

I also saw the dozen supper-cloths with matching dinner-cloths she has embroidered since, all potential prizewinners, so fine and even is the stitching.

Her favorite set is one embroidered in blue forget-me-nots, and multi-toned pastel flowers. She embroidered the dinner-cloth in this with eight napkins, the supper-cloth with six napkins, two duchesse sets, six round doilies, six sandwich-tray doilies, and two sideboard runners.



FRANK PARTRIDGE, V.C., and his bride leaving St. Stephen's Church after their marriage. Police reinforcements had to be called to clear the inner porch when excited onlookers overran guests, jammed all entrances, and made it almost impossible for the bridal party to leave.

"I like to have everything to match," she said.

My head whirled at the sight of the years of work and collecting.

Barbara's trousseau includes 100 tea-towels, more than 30 pairs of bath-towels, 50 guest-towels, a garden of multi-colored knitted tea and egg cosies ("I had to take to knitting when TV was on," she explained), and dozens of pairs of sheets.

In a spare room was her personal trousseau.

No girl has ever been better-outfitted. Starting with the mink jacket Frank won, which any woman would covet, it went from a bronze satin full-length evening dress, three cocktail dresses, seven summer dresses, two muu-muus, seven skirts, three summer suits, and three winter suits, to 12 nighties and dozens of everything.

One gorgeous nightgown of soft white satin has a matching negligee of satin with a deep berthia of white Chantilly lace. The nightie is princess-style and the white lace top ties with pale pink satin ribbons.

wore his gift of a pendant. At home for the little page-boy was a travelling clock for when he grows up.

Barbara's gift for Frank is a world clock that tells the time in Upper Newee Creek (where it will hang in the office of the beautiful new Partridge home), Perth, W.A., Moscow, New York, Buenos Aires, or any other city.

"When I saw it I couldn't resist it," Barbara said. "It was just typical Frank."

I don't know exactly what would be typical Barbara—except, perhaps, the huge bottling outfit in her glory-box. She's an ardent cook and can't wait to get into that new electric kitchen.

Before she does there's a six-week honeymoon Matson cruise to America.

No one could have been more excited than the Partridges about their Monterey honeymoon, although they'd have been even happier if the ship sailed a week later.

Then they could have accepted their first invitation as Mr. and Mrs., and attended the Governor's Royal garden party.

It would have been Barbara's first meeting with the Queen. Frank has met her and Prince Philip. He was the Queen's guest at her Coronation, and at the Centenary of the Victoria Cross in London in 1956.

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## Reviews of New Films

With KIRSTEN WARD

### \* LOVERS MUST LEARN

This is above average only in its fine production, and the luxurious and colorful spectacle of a Roman holiday it presents to the audience. The story, of a young American girl whose path of true love in Italy doesn't run smooth, is trite and sometimes so corny it's embarrassing. Troy Donahue is soppy, and Suzanne Pleshette is attractive but not very interesting.—Regent, Sydney.  
In a word... MUSH

### \* L'IMPREVU (THE UNEXPECTED)

A French suspense film, it reveals the plans of a young schoolteacher, his wife, and one of his students to com-

mit a perfect kidnapping. After a series of exciting events, the anticlimax of "the unexpected" is rather weak and disappointing.—K.Y. — Metro-Continental, Sydney.

In a word...

UNREWARDING

### \* THE DAMNED

Macdonald Carey's holiday in an English seaside resort takes an unbelievable turn after he gets beaten up by teenage hooligans and attaches himself to the gang "king's" sister, Shirley Ann Field. They become entangled in a horrifying top-secret project, whereby nine radioactive children are kept deep inside a cliff preparing for the day when the world is wiped out by nuclear war-

fare, and they can emerge to start a new life. It's twisted science fiction which leaves an unpleasant after-taste.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word...

UNNECESSARY

### \* WORLD BY NIGHT No. 2

You'll have to be in the mood to enjoy this — a world medley of after-dark entertainment (not all good) with a few festival and ceremonial scenes thrown in. Because the movie audience is too removed from the nightclub atmosphere, it all often looks rather silly. The commentary is entirely uninspired. A few of the acts are clever and fun.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word... LIMITED





## TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought* for the Week

Mamma once said (when I decided to go into show business) . . . "There's just a few words of advice I can give you: 1. Try always to be kind to people. 2. Always work just as hard to a small audience as a large one. But, most important, when you're in a strange restaurant never eat hamburgers or hash, but ham and eggs are very difficult to ruin. So, if you're in a strange town and worried about the food, play it safe, order ham and eggs."

Mamma's moral: Remember — one man's meat is another man's poison, so be very careful where you eat your hamburgers.

## DID YOU KNOW?

AUSTRALIAN Cyril Ritchard will head an all-star cast with Hedy Lamarr in "Hotel Paradise," an hour-long original drama produced by the Columbia Broadcasting System in America. Also present: Buster Keaton, Angie Dickinson, Walter Slezak, Hoagy Carmichael, and Robert Horton.

TOMMY SANDS—of whom little has been heard since his marriage into the Sinatra clan—is the star of a new Navy series. The series is still looking for a sponsor, a network, and a name.

THE B.B.C. is to produce another Shakespeare series following the pattern of "An Age of Kings." The new series, called "The Spread of the Eagle," covers the three plays with a Roman setting—"Coriolanus," "Julius Caesar," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

Rehearsals have started with a cast including Robert Hardy, Beatrix Lehmann, and Roland Culver. The series opens in Britain in May and will be offered to Australia later.

TV and film actors in Britain, Australia, U.S., and Canada are looking ahead into the Telstar era. At a meeting in Toronto (Canada), their unions agreed that actors should demand extra pay for shows relayed internationally by Telstar or any other satellite.

Meanwhile, though, British Equity is taking so long to agree over rates for ordinary programmes sold abroad that they are holding up British sales in many countries, including Australia.

DINAH SHORE will take a year's leave of absence next season. She wants to spend more time with her children and "take time out to think a little," the singer said. Before stepping away from the cameras, she taped a last fling with Joan Sutherland and Ella Fitzgerald. When the trio sang "Lover Come Back," the supercolossal Australian coloratura carried a 40-lb. handicap (away from the microphone) so that Ella and Dinah could be heard.

## Television

LONDON company A.R. TV had to equip their studio with a mock-up of an old schooner and a water tank big enough for two frogmen for its production of pearl prospectors and divers in north-western Australia. The production, "East of Christmas," is the fifth TV play by Australian Peter Yeldham and will be offered to Australian stations in due course. The cast is led by Carl Benari, Thomas Gallagher, and Edric Connor.

OLD favorite Fay Bainter engaged on an episode of "In Kildare" alongside regulars Raymond Massey and Robert Chamberlain.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY liked the result so much after his recent televised interview with three newsmen that he is reportedly considering a similar programme for British, French, and German broadcasting organizations.

THE record for TV togetherness probably goes now to Lloyd Bridges. All three of his children have appeared in separate episodes of his television series. "The only time I get to see my kids," said Lloyd, who almost grew girls in his marathon "Sea Hunt" series, "is when they work with me in a show."

AN American series idea about a marriage counsellor and his work is without a sponsor. If anybody buys it, the series will star Dana Andrews and Natalie Trundy.



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# Television

## WILD SCOT

**T**HERE are few people so fiercely nationalistic as the Scots; their blood seems to boil with fervor at the sound of a distant pipe or a glimpse of the land they left years before.

It is a very lethargic Scot who doesn't feel his kilt swinging as he watches the entertaining B.B.C. serial "Rob Roy," now showing on ABC-TV in all States except N.S.W.

"Rob Roy" is a blend of adventure, intrigue, romance (with Samantha Eggar as Diana Vernon), fights, tartans, skirling pipes, the burr of the Scots tongue in one or other of its forms, and Rob himself.

Seen at right in tartan and bonnet, Rob is a Scot in real as well as TV life—Tom Fleming, who was born in Edinburgh. In "Rob Roy" he is a heroic and superhuman blend of courage and cunning.

You are quite right if you think his face is familiar. It is. He played Henry IV in "Age of Kings."

If you are like me, without a drop of either wild Highland or Lowland Scot blood in my veins, you may find the accents a little hard to understand, but I don't think it matters.

There is Scotland to look at, and it's beautiful. All the open-air sequences were actually filmed in Scotland, many of them on the actual spots, such as Aberfoyle in the Trossachs, where Sir Walter Scott set his novel.

There is also action-plus: fights, the ambush near Rob Roy's hideout, and Rob Roy's escape near the ford. All the action sequences were mounted by television fight expert Terry Baker.

—Nan Musgrove



## Ghosts in the wardrobe



**COSTUMES** for the weekly "Black and White Minsirel Show" are a Wardrobe headache. They have to look gay in black and white.

**C**HOOSING a wardrobe for yourself is a difficult enough job, but how would you like to dress a TV show — "Rob Roy," with all its gorgeous tartans, "Z-Cars," "Age of Kings," "The Hancock Half-Hour"?

Dressing one of these shows is just an everyday job in the B.B.C. Wardrobe Department, where the staff has grown from three 26 years ago, when TV started in Great Britain, to 160 today.

Of this number 18 are costume supervisors, each of whom has four or five shows on hand. They work under the expert eye of Miss Jeanne Bradnock, the head of the section.

The costume supervisors actually choose and/or design clothes for the productions. Each one is in on the early planning stages of

the production, although it is often only a short time before the show that they know *whom* they have to fit.

Most of the period costumes of other centuries are hired from theatrical costumiers, although the Wardrobe Department has a steadily growing wardrobe of period clothes.

In the Shakespearean "Age of Kings" the Wardrobe Department designed and made more than half the costumes. All supervisors try to work on a basically simple design that can be adapted afterwards for other productions.

Choosing a wardrobe from the thousands of costumes in stock is largely done through a vast filing system with dockets that describe every blouse, skirt, shirt, tie, scarf, and jewel held.

There are 22 dressers in the department, 11 of each sex. Their job is not only to



**JOHN NEVILLE**, dressed by the B.B.C. Wardrobe Department as Robert Browning for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Actors are provided with everything except socks; most prefer to wear their own.

dress the actors but to maintain the clothes, too, doing the necessary pressing, mending, and a certain amount of washing.

Most things are sent to laundries and dry-cleaners, but some, particularly dancers' costumes, are too fragile or are needed again quickly and have to be dealt

with in the Wardrobe's washing-machine.

How great the special problems of TV dressing are can only be realised by walking through the B.B.C. wardrobe—they even have one small flat box on the shelves, neatly labelled **GHOSTS**. Disembodied, of course.—Celia Henderson.



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bewitching...  
with

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## SHARK HUNTERS!

● No city in Australia is more shark-conscious than Sydney, with its scallops of beaches and deep harbor reaches.

Television

ALMOST every year a summer day is blighted with the chilling news of a fatal shark attack on a swimmer.

Few documentaries have caused as much interest as "Shark Hunters!"—an hour film telecast recently by Sydney's Channel 9.

"Shark Hunters!" makes you wonder why there aren't more fatal attacks. The number of man-eating sharks about seems to be prodigious.

It was filmed mainly underwater at Tweed Heads, the Great Barrier Reef, and southern N.S.W. by two young Australians, Ben Cropp, 27, and Ron Taylor, 28, both of whom are members of the Shark Research Society of Australia.

### A risky job

Taylor is the present Australian Spearfishing Champion and Cropp held the same title in 1961. Filming "Shark Hunters!" involved incredible risks.

Sometimes the men had to resort to the risky business of deliberately spearing smaller fish to attract sharks so that they could get the pictures they wanted.

The climax of "Shark Hunters!" is an underwater experiment in which Taylor and Cropp work with a Sydney doctor, Dr. Shane Watson, in experiments to discover a quick-killing shark poison.

Dr. Watson is another member of the Shark Research Society of Australia and the successful experiments were undertaken only after months of work.

So great was public interest in this TV documentary that Channel 9 is repeating it on Sunday, March 3, at 3 p.m.

No one should miss it. It is both full of menace and amazing underwater beauty.



BEN CROPP brings a speared 7ft. grey nurse shark to the surface. This picture was taken underwater off Brush Island, southern N.S.W.



LEOPARD SHARK is captured by Cropp. In "Shark Hunters!" Cropp gets among a school of leopard sharks and actually rides on their backs.

VENOMOUS sea serpent in an underwater garden at Swain Reefs off Rockhampton, Queensland.



DRUGGED MANEATER Cropp brings 7ft. whaler shark to the surface after he had successfully injected it with poison.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 6, 1963



Whatever the future  
held, this was the  
unforgettable present  
... a romantic story

DAVE was uncomfortably aware of Betsy's silence. She hadn't spoken since they'd driven through the last darkened town. She must be tired, he thought, with all the weeks of preparation and the wedding itself and the overlong reception afterwards. Then they'd had trouble with the car a few miles outside of Dunrook. Now this—a mixup in the motel reservations.

He was so sure he'd said the fourth when he'd called the Ridgeview a few days ago. But sure or not, when they got there the Ridgeview said his reservation was for the twenty-fourth, and they had no vacancies. Nor had there been any vacancies at the motels in the last three towns they'd passed through. Accommodation was hard to get in August, they told him, especially so late at night. Dave sighed. The Adirondack honeymoon had been the one thing he was in charge of, and it looked as if he'd made a hodgepodge of it already.

"I'm sorry about all this, Betsy," he said. "I know this isn't very pleasant for you." "It's not your fault," Betsy responded. Her voice was soft, and she moved closer to him. "I really don't mind."

Of course she'd say that, Dave thought. It was Betsy's way — poised, unfrilled, almost perfect.

He reached for her hand. He still couldn't believe she was his wife. Four months ago, when he saw her for the first time in the Dunrook Bank, he had thought she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. He smiled now, remembering.

He'd gone to the bank that day to see about a loan for the young stock he wanted to buy for his newly purchased farm. Betsy had been there, waiting outside Wesley Kincaid's office. Dave had looked at the honey-colored hair and blue, blue eyes, and in their eyes met he knew they both sensed something very special.

But Betsy was the daughter of Wesley Kincaid, a banker, and Dave was still a very unprosperous young farmer. Dave's logic had balked a little at this, but not his heart. Nor had Betsy's.

And now it was their wedding night, with this awkward searching for a place—any place, at this point—in which to stay.

Dave's jaw tightened, guessing at the humiliation Betsy must have felt at the Ridgeview. They'd stood in the glass-walled office, he clutching Betsy's overnight bag, his own battered old suitcase on the floor beside them.

His face had flushed with a combination of anger and embarrassment as the manager smiled at them knowingly, apologising for having to turn them away.

"We'll be in Tupper Lake soon," Dave announced now, his voice gruff with remembered anger. He took a deep breath. "It's a fair-sized town. We certainly should be able to find a place there." He glanced down at her. "I'll bet you're tired by now."

"No..." Betsy nuzzled her cheek against his shoulder. "But I'm a little hungry."

Dave groaned. Of course. They hadn't eaten all day, except for the cake and the too-sweet punch. Why hadn't he thought of it? He looked at the clock on the dashboard. It was past one; no restaurants

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By RICK  
PEARSON





# Joan Sutherland

On the following Thursday the patient was given another anesthetic and Griffiths removed his packing from the cavities inside.

When Sutherland regained consciousness, she felt as if the top of her head had been blown off, leaving everything inside it open to the air; and as if everything inside had been scraped raw. She left hospital the following Tuesday and, on Griffiths' instructions, departed at once for a warm holiday with Richard in the South of France.

"Do absolutely nothing for a week," Griffiths advised, "and then start singing. How's it feel now, by the way?"

"Odd!"

"Bound to, after all the muck I scraped out."

After the stated period of a week, she started practising her singing; and her voice felt terrible — dry and hard, with no resonance at all.

"Don't worry," Richard urged. "It's sounding all right" — which it was not — "Sing softer."

"I can't, Rick. I don't seem to be able to get any resonance at all." And in the next fortnight, though she herself flourished, it got no better.

They caught the train at Monte Carlo to return to London. Next morning Sutherland had a heavy cold in her nose and throat.

She went straight to Griffiths.

"Well — rest and don't sing," he advised.

"But, Ivor, I've got to get singing again. I've got to record in Geneva next week."

In spite of her fantastic success in "Lucia," only one recording company, Decca, had offered to record her voice — and they only for two records — one of Beethoven's Ninth Choral Symphony, the second a recital of operatic arias. She was determined not to miss the first of these two vital opportunities.

"O.K.—practise; but take it gently."

She practised, and her voice was terrible. She visited Griffiths next day.

"How do you feel?"

"Feel marvellous. Never felt as well as this in all my life. But I can't sing!"

"Make a note," he ordered. She sang a note. It was, as she had said, terrible.

Which, of course, was exactly what he had anticipated. The logical thing for him to do then was to tell this girl to go to a singing teacher and learn to sing all over again. Who knew?—she might even, one day, have a great voice again. This was the logical thing; and Griffiths was a logical man. So Sutherland was both surprised and shocked when he rounded on her and said:

"Look . . . your nose is right for the first time in your life; your sinuses are clear; and your throat's perfect! So I'll give you no treatment of any kind. No! No sprays, no injections, no gargles, nothing. There's nothing wrong with you. Now you go home and sing. Sing all weekend."

"But, Ivor . . ."

"Sing!" he shouted. "Shove off and sing!"

Somewhat dazed, Sutherland returned home.

"What'd he say?" Richard asked, concealing his own fear.

"Well—he obviously thinks I'm in a blue funk and that that's the whole trouble. He says I've got to sing."

"O.K., then, we'll sing."

"He said, all weekend."

"O.K. — all weekend."

"Well—you'll have to put up with the horrible noises I make."

"I'll put up with them," Richard promised; and did. And two hours later, Sutherland was singing as well as she ever had.

She visited Griffiths on the Monday. After he had examined her throat, and

pronounced it perfect, he looked at her and grinned.

"You're a bright one, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry."

"And don't say you're sorry. You're a prima donna now. Behave like one. But not too much of it with me."

"I thought I wasn't one any more, last time I was here."

"To be perfectly frank," confessed Griffiths, "so did I. I wasn't at all sure I'd told you to do the right thing."

"And now?" she asked.

"Now you'll still be singing when you're 60."

SOON Sutherland was free to travel and sing abroad. Venice, Palermo, Naples, and Vienna were all waiting for her. But first to Rome for a holiday with Richard and the other singer from Sydney, Margreta Elkins.

To add to the delights of Rome, the irrepressible Franco Zeffirelli was for once at home. They walked endlessly. They saw everything. They ate at all the best restaurants.

"I'm getting fat again," Joan told them. "We must go on a diet." Briefly, they all went on her diet: briefly because, almost at once, she herself abandoned it.

After Rome, the party went to Naples, to be joined by the now three-and-a-half-year-old Adam and his Swiss nanny, Ruthli.

Swimming and playing on the beach with her son — a pleasure Sutherland was not frequently to enjoy thereafter, as she flew from opera house to opera house, year in and year out—she gradually recovered from her March operation.

Thus refreshed, she travelled to Vienna to sing Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni"—in Mozart's own city.

The Viennese were delighted with her, as were the critics. "None of our leading

singers can compare with her," the "Neues Österreich" praised. In notices loaded with untranslatable German superlatives, Vienna's Press commended her for her voice, her looks, and her acting.

Later to Venice, to the Fenice Theatre, where she sang Handel's "Alcina."

Sutherland was superbly dressed and superbly self-possessed. Into a Venice draped in a grey February drizzle of rain, her "Alcina" brought brilliant shafts of light. In the intervals, even if they had never before heard of Handel, excited Italians stood in the foyer and the bars and, everywhere, uttered the same phrase.

"E stupenda," they marvelled . . . "She's stupendous."

Listening to them, Noel Goodwin caught the phrase and his journalist's heart rejoiced. To the "Daily Express" in London, he telephoned back his notice. It was to be headlined, he requested . . . "La Stupenda." The Italian critics were no more reticent.

"La Sutherland," they raved, was a new Melba; a flattering comparison — even if, in conversation, they did invariably pronounce her name "Sooterlarn."

Now Paris lay just ahead — Paris and L'Opera, the second of the four great citadels she must storm and conquer — a city that worshipped Tebaldi and openly preferred "Aida" to "Lucia di Lammermoor."

In the event, Paris completely forgot this preference. The first-night audience gave Sutherland 13 curtain calls.

The Paris opera audience is very different from that of London, Milan, or New York. In London, half the audience look as if they are fretting about the baby-utter, or whether the 1930s dinner-jacket or evening dress will finally fall apart. In Milan,

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# The mirror crack'd from side to side



"It's all right, Marina,  
I'll look after you,"  
Jason said quietly.

MISS KNIGHT put down her parcels and gasped for breath. "It's too dreadful," she said. "Something has happened?" asked Miss Marple. "I really don't like to tell you about it, dear, I really don't. It might be a shock to you." "If you don't tell me," said Miss Marple, "somebody else will."

"Dear, dear, that's true enough," said Miss Knight. "Yes, that's terribly true. Everybody talks too much, they say. And I'm sure there's a lot in that. I never repeat anything myself. Very careful I am."

"You were saying," said Miss Marple, "that something other terrible had happened?"

"It really quite bowled me over," said Miss Knight. "Are you sure you don't feel the draught from that window, dear?"

"I like a little fresh air," said Miss Marple. "Ah, but we mustn't catch cold, must we?" said Miss Knight archly. "I'll tell you what, I'll just pop out and make you a nice egg-nog. We'd like that, wouldn't we?"

"I don't know whether you would like it," said Miss Marple. "I should be delighted for you to have it if you would like it."

"Now, now," said Miss Knight, shaking her finger, "so fond of our joke, aren't we?"

"But you were going to tell me something," said Miss Marple.

"Well, you mustn't worry about it," said Miss Knight, "and you mustn't let it make you nervous in any way, because I'm sure it's nothing to do with us. But with all these American gangsters and things like that, well, I suppose it's nothing to be surprised about."

"Somebody else has been killed," said Miss Marple, "is that it?"

"Oh, that's very sharp of you, dear. I don't know what should put such a thing into your head."

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Marple thoughtfully, "I've been expecting it."

"Oh, really!" exclaimed Miss Knight.

"Somebody always sees something," said Miss Marple, "only sometimes it takes a little while for them to realise what it is they have seen. Who is it who's dead?"

"The Italian butler. He was shot last night."

"I see," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "Yes, very likely, of course, but I should have thought that he'd have realised before now the importance of what he saw—"

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Knight, "you talk as though you knew all about it. Why should he have been killed?"

"I expect," said Miss Marple, thoughtfully, "that he tried to blackmail somebody."

"He went to London yesterday, they say."

"Did he, now," said Miss Marple, "that's very interesting and suggestive, too, I think."

Miss Knight departed to the kitchen intent on the

concoction of nourishing beverages. Miss Marple remained sitting thoughtfully till disturbed by the loud aggressive humming of the vacuum-cleaner, assisted by Cherry's voice singing the latest favorite ditty of the moment.

Miss Knight popped her head round the kitchen door. "Not quite so much noise, please, Cherry," she said. "You don't want to disturb dear Miss Marple, do you? You mustn't be thoughtless, you know."

She shut the kitchen door again as Cherry remarked, either to herself or the world at large, "And who said you could call me Cherry, you old jelly-bag?" The vacuum continued to whine, while Cherry sang in a more subdued voice. Miss Marple called in a high, clear voice: "Cherry, come here a minute."

Cherry switched off the vacuum and opened the drawing-room door.

"I didn't mean to disturb you by singing, Miss Marple." "Your singing is much pleasanter than the horrid noise that vacuum makes," said Miss Marple, "but I know one has to go with the times. It would be no use on earth asking any of you young people to use the dustpan and brush in the old-fashioned way."

"What, get down on my knees with a dustpan and brush?" Cherry registered alarm and surprise.

"Quite unheard of, I know," said Miss Marple. "Come in and shut the door. I called you because I wanted to talk to you."

Cherry obeyed and came toward Miss Marple, looking inquiringly at her.

"We've not much time," said Miss Marple. "That old —Miss Knight, I mean—will come in any moment with an egg drink of some kind."

"Good for you, I expect. It'll pep you up," said Cherry encouragingly.

"Had you heard," asked Miss Marple, "that the butler at Gossington Hall was shot last night?"

"What, the Italian?" demanded Cherry.

"Yes. His name is Giuseppe, I understand."

"No," said Cherry, "I hadn't heard that. I heard that Mr. Rudd's secretary had a heart attack yesterday and somebody said she was actually dead, but I suspect that was just a rumor. Who told you about the butler?"

"Miss Knight came back and told me."

"Of course, I haven't seen anyone to speak to this morning," said Cherry, "not before coming along here. I expect the news has only just got round. Was he bumped off?" she demanded.

"That seems to be assumed," said Miss Marple, "whether rightly or wrongly, I don't quite know."

"This is a wonderful place for talk," said Cherry. "I wonder if Gladys got to see him or not?" she added thoughtfully.

"Gladys?"

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Concluding our serial from a novel just published by William Collins

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 6, 1963

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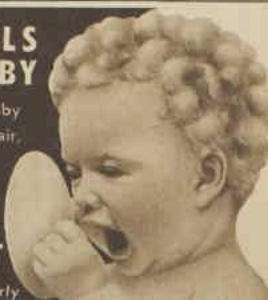
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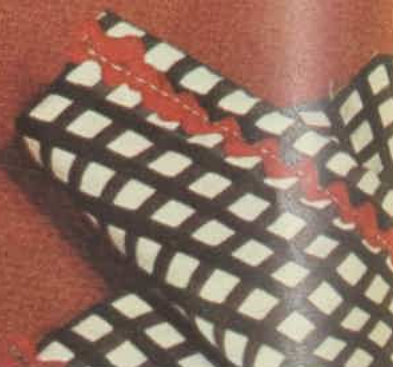
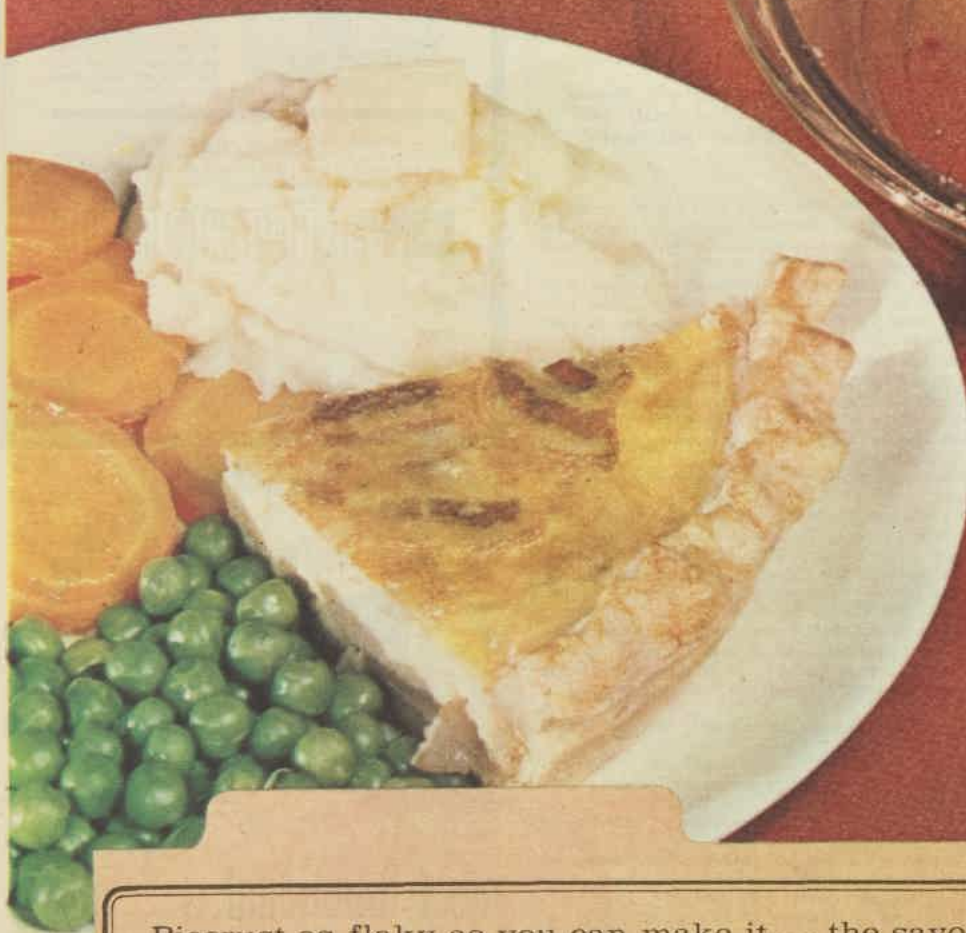
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10-15 min. Beat together eggs,  
milk, mustard and seasonings. Cut  
bacon into small pieces, sprinkle  
over prepared piecrust. Pour in  
egg mix. Bake in a moderate oven  
(375°) 35-40 min. Serves 4-5.

EB213/62



Tom Armstrong always veered off the subject of romance — until Peggy's cat, Maestro, decided to intervene.

# The cat's permission

A short short story

By OLGA ROSMANITH

MRS. ARMSTRONG had been fuming for some time before Peggy Rutherford's cat gave her the perfect opening for a frontal attack. She had been out early weeding the petunia beds and she waited for Peggy to descend the steps of her guest-house.

"This won't make you late, Miss Rutherford. Come and look what Maestro's been doing."

The cat's name was Honey, but Mrs. Armstrong called it Maestro on account of its arrogant and lordly character. Peggy looked ruefully at Maestro's work. He had left the earth pretty much the way he found it, but the tender little buds on the petunias had been too tempting. He had made a meal of them.

"I'm as sorry as can be," said Peggy. "Of course I'll replace them."

"That's ridiculous," snapped Mrs. Armstrong. "How can anyone replace the living that's been killed and eaten? What you can do is get rid of that cat."

"Oh, please don't ask me to do that."

"I'm sorry, too, Miss Rutherford. But, after all, a cat has no place in one room in a guest-house. How he gets in and out beats me."

"He doesn't bother anybody. He goes up and down his own little ladder from the window." And Peggy pointed out the slender little rope ladder.

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything," exclaimed the landlady. She handled it, looking at the curious knots. Looks like a sailor made it. Who—

Peggy glanced at her wrist-watch. "Tom made it. I didn't ask him. Excuse me now, I'll talk later."

Tom was Mrs. Armstrong's only son. In fact, her only surviving child. Usually he could do no wrong. But this was treason. She hurried after Peggy, talking as she went. "I'll give him a piece of my mind. He'll be home tonight. How he could go behind my back encouraging boarders to hide pets!"

"He did no such thing," Peggy paused to say. "Besides, he gave me the cat in the first place."

"He gave you that cat?" Mrs. Rutherford's voice went up like a knife scraping a plate. "I don't—"

Peggy stood for a moment at the kerb. "He picked it up in a gutter half-drowned one wet night, a starving little kitten, asked me to do something about it. I meant to take it to the pound next day. But it was so starved and so grateful—"

The bus rounded the corner and Peggy ran for it. She had a difficult time concentrating on her work in the office all day and the journey home that night seemed endless.

She was trembling when she got off in sight of the green-and-white freshly painted frame house. There was no sign of Maestro. One of the beautiful new cars was parked in the driveway, elegant in two shades of grey.

Peggy glanced into it and saw the dark red upholstery was real leather. It looked as if Tom had come home. That was typical of his taste for quality.

He could afford anything he wanted, even marriage. Peggy's heart gave the uncomfortable little flutter it always did when she let Tom's avoidance of any mention of marriage hurt and bewilder her.

The inner hall was quiet and empty. She dashed up the white-bordered, blue-carpeted stairs overwhelmed with longing to talk to Maestro.

She switched on the light, glancing round the homelike, pretty room, made luxurious with her colorful cushions and well-chosen pictures. The big cat wasn't there.

She got down on her knees to look under the divan. He might be flattened under there if someone had frightened him. There was nothing. Hold it, Peggy, she told herself, he's often out when you come home. She got the high dog whistle that would bring him running, leaned out of the open window and blew it.

No little form leaped across the lawn in the dusk and clung to the rope ladder to leap into her arms.

She got rid of him some way, Peggy thought. But she went on leaning out of the window and watching the deepening shadows before giving way to despair.

Then she heard her name. Peggy wasn't the eaves-dropping type, but there might be news of what had happened to her cat. She leaned out of the window as far as she could and listened.



Mrs. Armstrong was angry, so her voice was high-pitched on its carrying note. Peggy could hear every word as clearly as if etched with acid. Tom's voice was deep and slow. It was inaudible except for its answering rumble.

"When I heard you brought that creature in you could have knocked me down with a feather. I work myself to skin and bone keeping this place just so. For what? To make a zoo of it? You had ought to have known better."

Rumble, rumble.

"Never mind my English. I make myself plain, don't I? You brought the cat here, now you get it out again."

Rumble, rumble.

"I did chase it off today. But that's no common cat. It can tell time. I've seen it with my own eyes, day after day, taking its place at the right time to watch for her bus. It'll be sitting up some tree waiting for dark."

Rumble, rumble.

"What? Me? Not human! Tom, have you lost your mind? Why, that cat's a horror, no less. The most arrogant feline creature that ever put paws on green earth."

"Why, if it were a normal friendly cat I'd stand for it. But if it lets me stroke its head it's a favor."

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.

"Now, Tom, listen."

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.

"All right. Suit yourself. But if you do find it, get this. No cats in this house. I'll give her three days to find a home for him. Then out."

Heart thudding like a drum, Peggy drew in her head. She went to the mirror, took out her brush, and with three strokes made a shining golden hood of her hair. Came the tap on her door. She put the brush away and went slowly to open it.

Tom Armstrong stood there. He looked so male and powerful and wonderful it hurt to look at him. His face dark tanned, his eyes so brilliant like flashes of grey light, his feet planted apart, his head so proudly carried.

"Tom," she said, "come in. How nice to see you."

He came in, looking away from her and round her room.

"Nice to see you, Peggy. You're prettier than ever. And how your room looks like home. Does me good to see it after all the shacks I've been living in."

"A few books, flowers, cushions, and pictures, that's all it takes."

"But the colors, the choice, the taste." He veered as usual from the touchy subject. "I hear I'm the cause of a little trouble for you. Of course, I never dreamed you'd get attached to that scrubby little cat."

The chaos in Peggy came to a standstill and something crystallised. They would find Maestro and she would move with him to some place where he was not only permitted but appreciated. The other side of town, too, where she would never, even accidentally, see Tom Armstrong again.

"Maestro is no scrubby little cat. And, furthermore, if he were, I'd still be crazy about him. I'm a warm-blooded, kind-hearted human being with all the normal impulses. That's the kind that goes nuts if they don't love someone. Maestro lets me love him."

Tom's sunburn darkened. "What a waste, Peggy, when I need you so. But how could I ever ask a wife to share the life I live? Construction engineer. Bridges in wildernesses. Camp, cabins, government housing."

Courage is the attribute of the desperate. "I accept your offer," said Peggy. "With a few pictures, books, and cushions, I—"

Two minutes later Maestro announced his return by a substantial thud as he jumped in from the window-sill. Nobody noticed him, but he purred with approval as Tom took Peggy in his arms.

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Seven Seas Stamps Pty. Ltd., the largest philatelic organisation in the Southern Hemisphere, specialising in sending selections of stamps from Faraway Places on 14 days' approval with no obligation to buy. To introduce our world-famous approval service to youngsters who are interested in stamps we offer this special big Australian PARADE OF HISTORY collection (plus a copy of "Stamp News", the exciting newspaper for stamp collectors) for the purely nominal charge of 1/- (away below our cost). Rush a postal note for 1/- with the coupon below and we will mail you this fine Australian collection (the basis for your 1963 School projects), plus an interesting booklet on stamp collecting, details of how to use stamps in school projects, plus a copy of "Stamp News", and an exciting selection of interesting stamps from Faraway Places on 14 days' approval.

£250 TO BE WON

250 PRIZES for Australian juniors in a giant Stamps in School Projects competition of 1963 sponsored by Seven Seas Stamps Pty. Ltd. in conjunction with "Stamp News", the monthly newspaper for stamp collectors. Every applicant for the big collection of 40 Parade of History Stamps offered above will receive a special application form and full details of how to win £250 by using stamps in school projects. Also included is an interesting illustrated leaflet setting out ideas for using stamps in school projects.

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Enclosed please find 1/- Please mail me the Australian Parade of History collection described above, with details of how to use stamps in school projects, plus a copy of "Stamp News" and a selection of interesting stamps on 14 days' approval.

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the most delicious moment  
in a meal!



A Moonlight Scene from Dunk Island,  
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

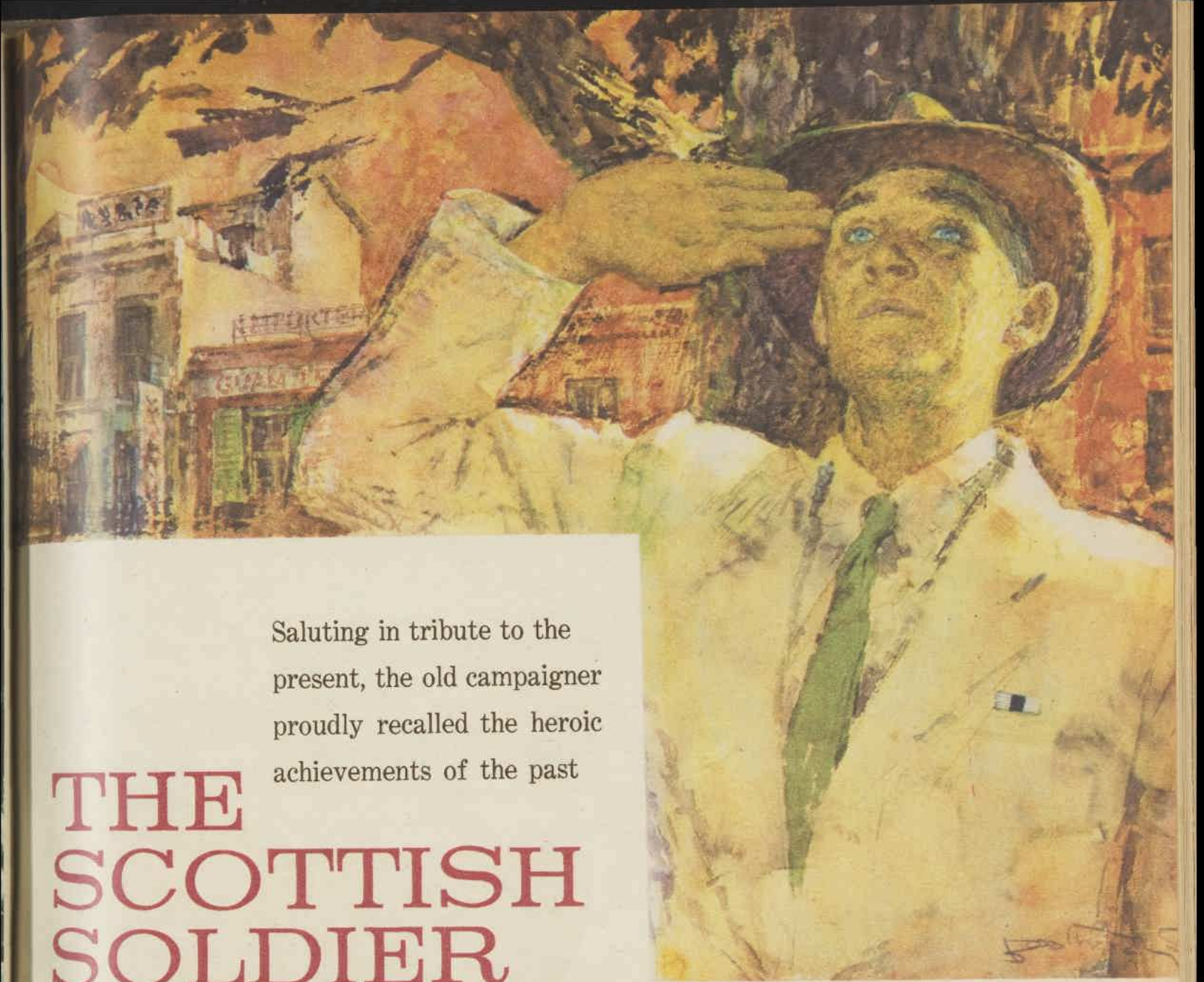
Serve it often — it's so easy. And the golden goodness of tropical fruit rich in Vitamin C is all good food — with no waste. Golden Circle Tropical Fruit Salad is the most delicious moment in a meal — summer or winter.

**Golden Circle**  
**TROPICAL**

**FRUIT SALAD**

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE





Saluting in tribute to the  
present, the old campaigner  
proudly recalled the heroic  
achievements of the past

# THE SCOTTISH SOLDIER

ANGUS McCOLL travelled light through life. In recent years there hadn't been the money to do anything else. He stood by a chest in the faded bed-sitting-room which had been his home for a long time, staring down into an open drawer.

Behind him, on a table, an aged electric fan crackled and grumbled with its efforts to disperse the oppressive heat from the Malayan sun. From outside, through windows opening on to a narrow verandah, came the ceaseless roar of midday traffic.

His good shirt wasn't in the drawer. He had bought it two years ago and hoarded it for a special occasion. And today, of all days, it was missing.

He felt a surge of anger, and caught sight of his face in a mirror—lean, with lines on it that marked his living, grizzled hair, thinning a little, and blue eyes that somehow hadn't faded under years of sun. He didn't look at his face often, managing not to, even when he was shaving.

He went to the door. "Maria!" There was no answer from below.

"Maria! You're down there. I heard you. Where's my good shirt?"

For a long time now he and Maria had conducted a kind of warfare, often when he was behind with his rent, with the odds all on her side.

But he had been paid up now for three months and it was Captain Angus McColl, M.C., who waited for her on the landing.

Maria came puffing up to him. "Well?"

She carried a fan in one hand, as a symbol of her

office as owner and manager of this rundown boarding-house.

"What you want, eh? What you shout for?"

"My good shirt isn't in my drawer."

"So. One good shirt, eh?"

She laughed, and, hand on hip, looked at the man who had once been a regular officer in a famous Highland regiment, and who was now a shopwalker in Abbat Singh's, the big draper's store. Angus was the first and only European in that role and he made the best of it, though it wasn't easy.

"You must have put it with someone else's washing. Maria, I must have that shirt. The parade is in an hour."

She shrugged and went into the empty room of one of her other lodgers. Angus went back to his own room.

The little crisis about the shirt was absurd, of course, but it was real, too. Everything else was ready, his best white suit, shoes shining, his broad-brimmed Panama hat back from the cleaners. He waited with his impatience ticking inside him.

Maria pushed open the door. "This is it! I find in Mr. Simpson's drawer. He got a lot of good shirts. I do not think of you having good shirt." She laughed once more and went out.

For a moment Angus closed his eyes, then he began to change, thinking again of his son whom he was going to see for the first time in fifteen years.

The news of Jock's coming to Malaya had been a shock, and yet it was something to be expected, too. Jock was twenty-one and a subaltern in the old regiment, once again posted to this country and to this

town, just as Angus had been posted to it years ago, before the Japs came.

His son here! The thought had frightened Angus at first. He had last seen Jock as a little boy of six, fifteen years that had been eaten up by little personal disasters, one after the other; little failures that had kept him from home and his wife and his boy. He must have written five hundred letters in that time, all of them as optimistic as he could make them.

Twice he had sent enough money for Elsie to come out. She had kept the money, but hadn't come. She wrote to say that she wanted to be quite certain that things were safe this time before she made the big upheaval of coming to him.

He could understand why she had doubted and hesitated. There had been plenty of reason, since that day in 1945 when he had decided to leave the Army and try his luck with a friend on a small rubber plantation. He had wanted to make money for his family and the Army hadn't offered much of that. The plantation had seemed a bright prospect, but it failed, and, since then, other things had failed, too.

He wondered sometimes whether things would have been different with Elsie here.

Now Elsie had been dead for a year, and his son was coming, a tall boy who was a stranger, known only from photographs.

Angus found the ribbon for his M.C. and pinned it on his shirt. He didn't have the medal. Fifteen years ago he had given that to Jock, a small boy of six, with thin arms lifted to his father's neck.

To page 42

A short story by **OSWALD WYND**



# Holiday

*this Autumn*



QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU

## NEW ZEALAND NOW!

*where there's really something to see — and do  
... Come on over this Autumn*

Sponsored by The New Zealand Travel  
Industry — Airlines, Hotel Interests,  
Transport Operators — An  
Industry Dedicated To Your Comfort  
and Enjoyment in New Zealand.

You've never seen Autumn 'til you've seen New Zealand in the mild, golden months. So many beautiful and unusual places to enjoy yourself — and a friendly holiday atmosphere with plenty to do every day. Land and air services are fast, up-to-the-minute — hotel accommodation is pleasant and modern. Once seen and enjoyed in Autumn, New Zealand will live in your memory forever.



# WOOL FASHIONS 1963

● Here, and on the following pages, we feature the 1963 designs commended by a panel of judges for the Australian Wool Bureau. They were chosen from 1000 garments for their fashion rightness, color, fabric, excellence of manufacture, and price. All the fashions will be available throughout Australia in a wide price-range. As the result of the awards, an exciting fashion year in wool is forecast.



● The classic style evening dress (above) in fine black wool won the designer's award for Bythway Pty. Ltd., of Melbourne. The smooth lines of the dress rely entirely on cut. Price, 41 guineas.

● Superb coat in creamy wool (left) has a deep cape collar of white fur. High-placed pockets add interest. The coat won a merit award for Merco Manufacturing Co., of Melbourne. Price, £23/10/-.

## OUR GOLD CUP AWARD

● This glamorous wool evening dress won The Australian Women's Weekly Gold Cup for 1963. The dress is by Raoul Couture, of Melbourne. Price, 65 guineas. Our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, chose the dress as outstanding in design and workmanship. The Gold Cup will be part of the Wool Bureau awards each year.

● Continued overleaf





# Unlock the secret to real skin beauty with *Neutrogena*

Now enjoy skin cleanliness without affecting Nature's protective skin oils.

Neutrogena is the only completely solidified toilet cream made foaming, and is unlike any other cosmetic product produced in the world. You use it like a soap, but it has the effect of a soothing cleansing cream.

Neutrogena's unique, gentle cleansing action neutralizes both acid and alkaline substances . . . leaves no soapy residue . . . ensures your skin is healthily clean.

Follow this simple 3-point plan!



1. A moment to produce Neutrogena's luxurious foaming cream.
2. Massage into your skin.
3. Rinse off — feel the difference!

Stop at your Family Chemist or the cosmetic counter of any leading Department Store today for your first precious cake of

# Neutrogena

only 4/6

Don't say soap—say Neutrogena

Sole Agents for Australia

F. H. FAULDING & CO. LIMITED

NTD 1



● The coat (above) won the supreme award for women's wool fashions in the Australian Wool Bureau 1963 gold medal wool fashion awards. The coat was designed and made by Wasco Manufacturing Co., of Melbourne. The judges considered the coat's narrow silhouette an excellent interpretation of Paris trends. Price, £29/18/-.



# COAT ELEGANCE

● More of the 1963 wool story and its fresh elegance is evident in these new coat designs. The trend is toward an easy fit and simplicity with superb attention to detail. The wool fabrics show discreet luxury. Grey flannel is a new-again fashion fabric.

● Continued on page 36



● Runner-up in the designers' award and a gold medal winner, the coat (above) is highlighted with a large saddle-stitched cape collar. By Shaw Bros. (original), of Melbourne. Price £45.



● Perfect all-purpose coat (above) is designed on classic, easy-fit lines. A wide collar with slit revers, double-breasted fastenings, and slit pockets interpret new coat styling for 1963. The wool tweed fabric in black and white adds extra luxury. The coat won a gold medal award for Douglas Cox Pty. L. of Melbourne. Price, £19/10/.



● Wide kimono sleeves with stitched bands give a cape effect to this straw-berried pink wool coat. The coat won a merit award for Abel and Lewinnek, of Sydney. Price, £15.



● The golden glow of this wool coat will brighten any winter day. Lipson and Rogers Pty. Ltd., of Melbourne, won a gold medal award for the coat. Price, £9/9/.



● This smart double-breasted coat in grey flannel has a flare at the hip-line. The coat won a gold medal award for Metro Accent, of Melbourne. Price, £13/19/6.





*Illustrated from left to right are the top Wool  
Awards of 1963:*

*Supreme Award coat by Wasco.*

*Men's Supreme Award fabric by John Foster.*

*"Naturally Australian" Award suit by Leroy.*

*"Naturally Australian" Award double knit jersey  
by Lana-Knit styled by Estex.*

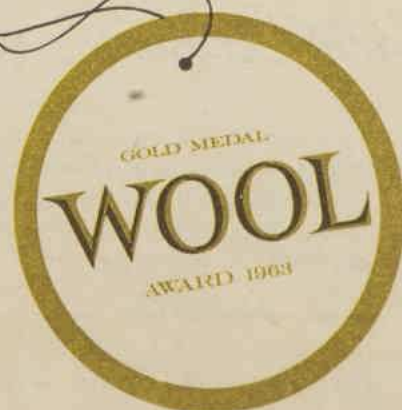




naturally  
Australian...

*Gold Medal Awards for  
Fashion and Textiles.*

*The finest wool fashions received gold medals in the 1963 Wool Awards . . . Look for the gold medal swing ticket, your assurance that the garment is the latest style — the most beautiful fabric for value in pure Australian wool. The very special genius Australia has for producing the best wool in the world, is also translated into garments of world-acclaim.*





Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

Miss SPORTSCRAFT

*in Wild Colonial* **WOOL**



It's the look of you, the style of you,  
the certain something in the very smile of you.  
The flair, the fun, the fashion simplicity too.  
And that is the look of Miss Sportscraft.  
And that is the look of you.

*Exclusive fabrics. Kilt £8.8.0. Sweater from £4.10.11.*

AVAILABLE NOW AT ALL SPECIALISTS

● Superbly tailored two-piece suit (right) made in coarse wool hopsac in wild colonial red. The suit won a merit award for Landau Bros., of Melbourne. Price, £14/14/-.



● Elegant suit (left) is a gold medal winner and runner-up to the supreme award in the Australian Wool Bureau's 1963 gold medal wool fashion awards. By Shaw Bros. (original), of Melbourne. Price, £55/10/-.



● Suit (right) has one of the new thigh-length jackets and a slender-line skirt. The fabric is crunchy boucle wool; the color bleached sand. The suit won a gold medal award for Brotex, of Melbourne. Price, £15/4/-.





## Trend-setting suits

● The prevailing suit line is varied. No one silhouette dominates the autumn-winter scene. Suits in all price ranges continue to prove themselves in smooth-surfaced and textured wools. Fur is the most-liked trim.

● Continued overleaf



● Jacket-suit in warm terracotta-colored wool. The jacket has a smooth, collarless neckline, longer hipline, and a mock pocket trim. The matching, figure-flattering dress has a V-neckline, short sleeves, and self-tie material belt. The ensemble won a gold medal award for E. Lucas and Co., of Melbourne. Price, £49/7/6.

# SPORTSCRAFT THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT SPORTSCRAFT



*Naturally Australian*

WOOL



It's a look that says casual, in the most careful way ... a look that says quality, but says it so beautifully. You'll love to collect clothes from the beautifully co-ordinated

SPORTSCRAFT wardrobe. Skirts and knitwear are perfectly matched, too.

Exclusive FEDERAL fabrics  
Skirt £8.8.0. Knitwear from 99/11.

AVAILABLE NOW AT ALL SPECIALISTS





# Modess<sup>\*</sup> *because*

Only Modess gives you so many refinements . . . a soft, soft cover . . . an undetectable deodorant . . . a "Magic Channel" of protection . . . and a full-length safety shield.

Only Modess offers such a range!  
Modess with MASSLINN<sup>\*</sup> COVER  
Modess 'Super' — a larger napkin.  
Modess with GAUZE COVER  
and VEE-FORM<sup>\*</sup> by Modess

Next time you buy Modess napkins,  
choose a Modess belt, too!





# Awards in knitwear

● Four knitwear fashions show how original wool can be. Interest centres on creative styling.



● This knitted coat won the designers' award in knitwear for Alida of Rome, Melbourne. The coat has excellent proportions and superbly tailored styling. The soft raglan sleeves add interest to the slender silhouette. Price 27 guineas.



● Arresting turtleneck sweater (above) won the best-style award for De Angeli Knitwear, Melbourne. A formal zigzag embroidered pattern and tassels portray original designing. Price is 18 guineas with hood, 15 guineas without.

● The tailored slack suit in fine wool (left) won the naturally Australian-look award for French Knit Pty. Ltd., Sydney. The suit was chosen by the judges as typically Australian relaxed dressing. Price £8/19/11.

● Beautifully knitted sweater (right) won the best pattern award for Alida of Rome, Melbourne. The semi-traditional ski pattern on the design was considered outstanding by the judging panel. Price 15 gns.

● Continued on page 63







### Les Beautés Françaises

Complexion: Pale and interesting. Wear Coty "Riviera" Instant Beauty, "Quick Satin" cream powder, "True Violet" eyeshadow, Grey eyebrow pencil, Black mascara, "Pure Mushroom" lipstick, "Chypre" perfume.

### Les Beautés Italiennes

Complexion: Just like Sophia's. Coty cosmeticians select "Pearl Satin" Light and Lovely, "Quick Satin" cream powder, Black eyebrow pencil, Turquoise eyeshadow, Black mascara, "Pure Apricot" and l'Origan.

### Les Beautés

Complexion: Natural beauty. "Magic Bloom" cream powder, black mascara and brown pencil.

# TOUTES LES FEMMES CHIC DU MONDE

*All the women (who) succeed in the*



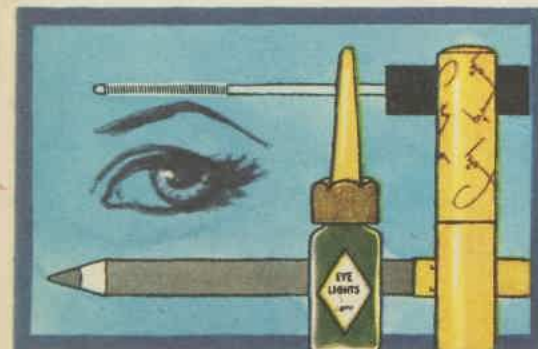
Coty stands for Beauty with beautiful women all over the world. To succeed in beauty like them, follow this simple but sure Paris Beauty Programme, based on Coty creations inspired in the factory on the banks of the beautiful River Seine at Suresnes outside Paris and made in Coty factories all over the world . . . in Sydney, London, Milan, Montreal, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Michelstadt and New York as well as Suresnes. Start this Coty plan now . . .

#### 1. FIRST CLEANSE AND TONE YOUR SKIN

Plan first for a clear skin. Then your make-up does more for you. Night and morning deep cleanse with Coty 'Instant Cleanser' to float out stale make-up and remove dead and flaking skin cells. Then tone and refine with 'Vitel Skin Freshener' to stimulate circulation, give a healthy fresh complexion, keep skin fine-textured and smooth. Each 11/6.

#### 2. THEN NOURISH AND PROTECT

To preserve and restore a young lovely skin use 'Vitamin Moisture Balancer' light creamy lotion at night after thorough cleansing and under make-up to stay fresh all day. Vitamins D and E helps skin absorb the nourishment of valuable moisturisers. Vitamin A helps prevent dryness. Wonderful all-over after the bath. 12/6 and 18/6.



#### 6. AND NOW TO MAKE UP YOUR EYES

First the 'chic' touch of Coty Eye-shadow. No end to the colours you can use to accent your eye colour. Or key eyes to costume or accessories. (9 shades at 11/6.) 'Eye Lights', eyeliner gives added glamour, more definition (10/6). Tip lashes with 'Cotymatic' Mascara (5 shades, 19/6, refill 12/6). Feather eyebrows with your special Eyebrow Pencil (7/-).



#### 7. YOUR LIPS MUST BE FASHION-RIGHT

Important fashion note in your make-up plan is Lipstick and who but Coty to keep up with latest colours? Now wear lasting Coty '24' in 'Pure Brights', eight of the clearest, freshest, most vibrant colours your lips can wear — wildly successful here as well as Europe and America (8/9, 13/9). Watermelon, Honey, Peppermint, Mango, Pumpkin, Apricot, Strawberry, Mushroom.



#### 8. NOW YOUR HANDS AND NAILS

Hands and nails need special care and the touch of Coty colour. Hand Treatment Cream at night (10/6) perfumed Hand Lotion by day (13/6) then match or tone nails to lips for fingertip glamour. Coty suggests you choose from the eight new shimmering pearlescent finish 'Pearl Brights' (12/6), standard finish. 8/9.

# COTY IS FRENCH FOR

## CONFIEZ VOTRE BEAUTÉ A COTY ET VOUS TRUST YOUR BEAUTY TO COTY AND YOU WILL





### Australiennes

Complexion: "Cappuccino" Light and Lovely  
"French Green" eye-shadow,  
"Pure Watermelon" and "Paris"

### Les Beautés Americaines

Complexion: Golden suntan. Coty natural look is "Toledo Tan" Light  
and Lovely, "Wild Honey" cream powder, "Golden Apple" eyeshadow,  
brown pencil and mascara, "Pure Mango" lipstick, "l'Aimant" perfume

### Les Beautés Anglaises

Complexion: Peaches and cream. Coty prescribes:—"Azalee" Instant  
Beauty, "Sugar Blonde" cream powder, Turquoise eyeshadow, Charcoal  
mascara, Brown eyebrow, "Pure Peppermint" lips, "Muguet" perfume.

ONDE ADORENT  
world adore

COTY



3. AFTER THE BATH — FRAGRANCE  
It's more than personal freshness to treat yourself to  
Coty Talc and Skin Perfume in your favourite Coty frag-  
rance — l'Aimant, Chypre, Paris, l'Origan or Muguet des  
Bois. (Skin perfume 13/6. Talc 12/6, 7/11). In the bath  
relax yourself with Coty Bath Salts, Bath Oil (es-  
pecially for dry skins) and, of course, Coty Hand Soap.



4. NEXT—SELECT YOUR TYPE MAKE-UP  
Choose make-up to suit your own skin type (not only to  
improve your natural colouring but to conceal and protect),  
in either of these Coty liquid foundations, 'Instant Beauty',  
especially wonderful on smooth or young skin (6 shades).  
'Light and Lovely' — Coty's foundation and powder in one —  
lasting loveliness for all types of skin (7 shades). Each 10/6.



5. ADD YOUR COLOUR CREAM POWDER  
Coty's flawless blend of world-famous 'Airspun' Face Powder  
with a gloriously sheer cream make-up base, that gives extra  
clinging power and that superfine 'Airspun' texture. Perfect  
to add a matte finish to Coty 'Light and Lovely' fluid make-  
up. 8 shades perfumed with l'Aimant in Golden Vanity 19/6,  
refill, 10/6. (Start the day with 'Airspun' Powder as well.)



9. FINALLY YOUR SPECIAL PERFUME  
A great fragrance affects the way you look, truly makes  
you more beautiful. Suit it to mood or personality.  
Wear it in Coty's exclusive Creamy Skin Perfume that  
spreads like lotion and renews itself (17/6), or spray  
lavishly in 'Measured Mist' (800 measures, 35/-) or as  
perfume in 'Parfum de Coty' pure concentrated essence.

in these  
famous  
fragrances  
from the  
House  
of Coty  
l'Aimant  
Chypre  
l'Origan  
Paris  
Muguet  
des Bois



Look for the new  
Coty French Tricolour Pack



BEAUTY  
Serez Ravie  
Be Very Happy

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 6, 1963



"Daddy, I want your medal. I want it to keep."

Jock had got the medal. It was about all he had got from his father.

Angus had been a hero back in 1945. Coming out of a prison camp, he had found the decoration waiting for him. An award for gallantry when he had led an attack on a heavily defended Japanese gun position.

Angus walked briskly along the white-hot street toward the station. Above him, the palm fronds cracked in the slightest of breezes from the hills behind the town.

There wasn't any sign of a great crowd at the station. Angus saw a few Europeans waiting in a shady portico, but he didn't join them. He took up his own stance under a huge jungle tree, which looked rather like an oak, and which had

## Continuing . . . THE SCOTTISH SOLDIER

from page 29

been spared as a centre-piece for a new traffic roundabout.

Cars circled past him, but he didn't notice them. He was waiting for the sound of a train whistle, and when he heard it his body stiffened to attention, his arms at his sides. Now he listened for that other sound which had been part of his life once.

It came first as a thin drone, then strengthening, as though the bagpipes from Scotland were fighting the heat. Then the power of them was sounding over the town, above the traffic, a challenge, almost a defiance.

Angus' head went back, he stood very still, the man who had once been a soldier and never really man-

aged to be anything else. Without his realising it, his arm swung up in a salute.

They marched out of the station behind the pipers, men in swinging kilts and khaki shirts. Most of them hadn't been born when Angus had marched like that. But he saw himself once more, swinging out of a station with his men behind him, and all else in his life was a dream.

And then he saw his son, Jock, tall and slim. His kilt sat lightly on him and he looked part of the men he led. He looked very young, too.

"He looks like me," Angus thought with surprise.

Somehow that wasn't a thing he had been expecting. It frightened him a little, giving him a new sense of responsibility that brought a feeling of terror with it.

Things could go wrong for Jock here, with a father who worked at Abbat Singh's, directing people to the various departments. The boy had come to a place where his father had no status at all, no membership at the club, no circle of influential friends. Angus had no introductions to offer Jock, nothing that would help him.

There was no official reception for the regiment outside the station, and the soldiers marched out with eyes fixed straight ahead.

The regiment turned into the

main road and went down it, behind the wailing pipes, along a tunnel carved through one side of fast-moving traffic. The sound of the pipes grew thinner and was lost in the hum of the city.

Suddenly Angus knew what he must do. He had the day off from the store and he knew that, as soon as possible, Jock would come looking for him. The boy mustn't meet him at Maria Perer's boarding-house. At least not for the first time.

He would phone Maria. Maria was an old friend, or had been, and when they met in the street there was still a pretence of friendship, a heartiness between them covering the embarrassment they both felt. Harris would help for old times. He would get Angus into the club as a guest for the afternoon, and Jock would come there for that first important meeting.

It would make a difference to have the first meeting in a decent place like the club. The thing to do was find a phone and leave a message for Jock.

Angus stepped off the roundabout without noticing the car coming toward him.

He heard a scream of brakes and felt a sudden, sharp blow before darkness closed over him.

"Thank heaven you're coming round," a woman's voice said. "Your hand. Oh, my goodness!"

He looked up. The woman was young and somehow vaguely familiar. She had fair, almost pale, hair. She was a pretty girl.

"Your hand," she said again.

He looked at his hand. It was cut and bleeding profusely. He

### FROM THE BIBLE

● "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."  
— John 10.10.

It was never intended that we should not enjoy life. God can really give us such rich experience that nothing on earth can take it from us. We can have it in Christ Jesus, who said He came to give us abundant life.

couldn't feel anything from it, but he knew he would soon. "Just a scratch," he said.

"It's not a scratch! The wing of the car struck you. You were thrown back. I couldn't stop. Really, I couldn't!"

"It's all right," he said. "It's quite all right, I assure you. I have to go now."

A crowd was gathering. Someone mentioned a doctor. Angus shook his head.

"I must go now," he said. "You can't go anywhere! I'm taking you to a doctor."

They helped him up, the girl with an arm around him.

"It isn't far," the girl said when they were seated in the car. She started the engine and they moved smoothly away.

"I know you," she said. "I've seen you at Abbat Singh's. Is it hurting terribly?"

"No, no," Angus said untruthfully.

The girl was waiting when he came out of the surgery.

"I'm driving you home," she said. He didn't protest. He would use Maria's phone and the sooner he got to it the better. In the car she told him her name was Julia Winton, and that she was out here staying with her parents for a year, and loving it.

When he got out of the car and stood by it to thank her, he had to put one hand to steady himself, but he didn't think she noticed. He went up the path, his head held high. And then he saw Jock sitting in a chair on Maria Perer's verandah.

"Dad!" The boy came at a run. He had the same bright blue eyes, the colour

# New kind of bran from Kellogg's

## Crisp new form

Everything about Kellogg's Bran Buds is new — the delightful crispness, the tempting flavour, the form, the formula.

## Sweet and tender

Kellogg's Bran Buds have a sweetness and tenderness all their own. You never had bran so good in a breakfast cereal.

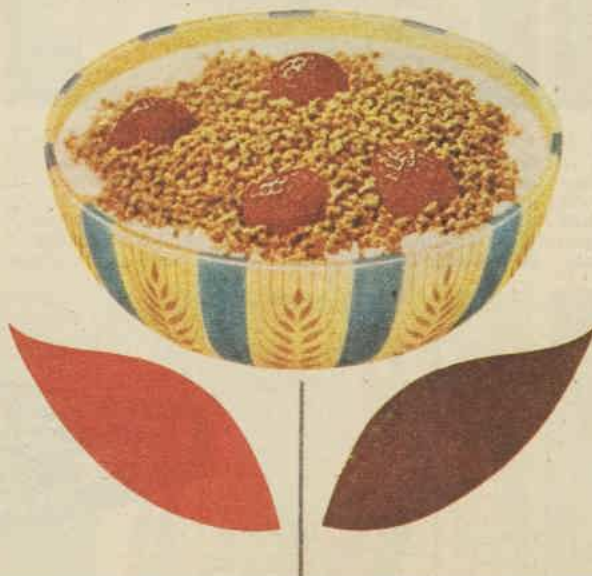
## Modern laxative cereal

One serving of Kellogg's Bran Buds each day is effective in correcting the stubborn kind of constipation that is caused by lack of bulk in the diet.

May we suggest you try Kellogg's\* Bran Buds† for breakfast? Whether you think you need them, or not? On sale everywhere.

# Kellogg's Bran Buds

The modern laxative cereal in a delicious *crisp new form*



Now enjoy the benefits of bran—*either way you like!* Both made by Kellogg's

Kellogg's are the people who *know* bran. More than 40 years ago Kellogg's made the first laxative bran cereal the world had ever seen—All-Brán.

Today—all over the world—All Bran is enjoyed by more people than any other bran cereal. Enjoyed for its crispness, nut-sweet flavour and natural laxative properties.



**Kellogg's BRAN BUDS and ALL-BRAN the best to you in bran**

K529

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from page 42

that didn't fade, even under the sun.  
"I saw you at the station, Dad. But where have you been? Your hand!"  
"I was knocked down," Angus said. "Old fool!"  
That was their meeting. They sat on chairs on the verandah. At least Jack wouldn't see the room; he wouldn't get inside the place. And Harris might be able to fix the next meeting at the club.  
Jack did all the talking, the words pouring out as if they'd been bottled up for a long time. Suddenly he stopped.  
"You've been shaken up, Dad. And here I am blabbing. But I've only got a few minutes. I have to report back for duty. Look, hadn't you better go inside and lie down?"  
"No, I'm fine out here in the air. Well, son, you've come to Malaya."

Jack grinned. "Yes, at last, I positively willed it that the regiment get posted out here. It's amazing what a junior subaltern can do when he sets his mind to it. You know, already I like the look of this country. I saw a lot of it from the train. I was looking at the station names, too. I kept thinking I might see the place where you got your M.C."

"Oh, yes. That's farther north. Much farther."

Maria Perer came out on to the verandah with her fan. "Like tea?" she asked. "We might manage that. I mean to say, happy meeting, eh?" She stared at Jack, smiling. "Well, young man. Going to get a medal like your famous father?"

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

—Edwin Stuart

There was silence for a long moment, then Maria laughed and went through the door.

The following day Jack was waiting for Angus outside Abbat Singh's Emporium.

"Hello, Dad. I thought I'd come and meet you. I'm off duty."

Angus looked at the boy and said, "Who told you?"

"Your landlady. Not an attractive type. But talkative."

She was that. She would put Jack in the picture about his father — the man with one good shirt. Maria wouldn't forget anything.

They walked together along the crowded evening streets. Angus, without protest, took his son up to his room and was conscious of the boy's eyes taking in the old bed, the wicker furniture that was on its last legs, and the clothes cupboard half screened by a grubby chintz curtain.

Jack saw everything, but his face didn't change. He held out his cigarette case.

Angus shook his head. "I gave them up. Smoke a pipe sometimes. Not often."

"You gave up a lot, Father."

"What? I don't know what you mean?"

"We got the money, didn't we? You sent it home."

Angus looked down at the floor. "Not enough, Jack. Not nearly enough. Your mother had to work."

"She had a good job," Jack said.

"Listen, Dad, we're having our first mess night right away. Bang-up do. Tomorrow. This country's like that. Everything seems to happen fast."

He laughed. "I've even met a pretty girl. Honey blonde. Name of Julie Winton."

"She — brought me home yesterday."

Jack grinned. "I know. I've been getting around! Look, Dad, you're coming."

"What? To a mess night? Me? Don't be silly, I haven't been to anything like that since the war. I—I don't have much of a social life, Jack. No need to go into the reasons."

"You're coming to the mess! The

chaps want to meet you. And I want you to meet them."

"Jock, I'd rather not."

The boy came closer. "Listen to me, I've known more than you think, for long enough. I wanted to come out here. I wanted Mother to come out here so we could be together. She wouldn't. So I had to come myself. Do you understand? You're coming to that mess night!"

Jock reached in his pocket and held out something. It was the Military Cross.

"You gave me this, Dad, when I was a kid. For what you did in

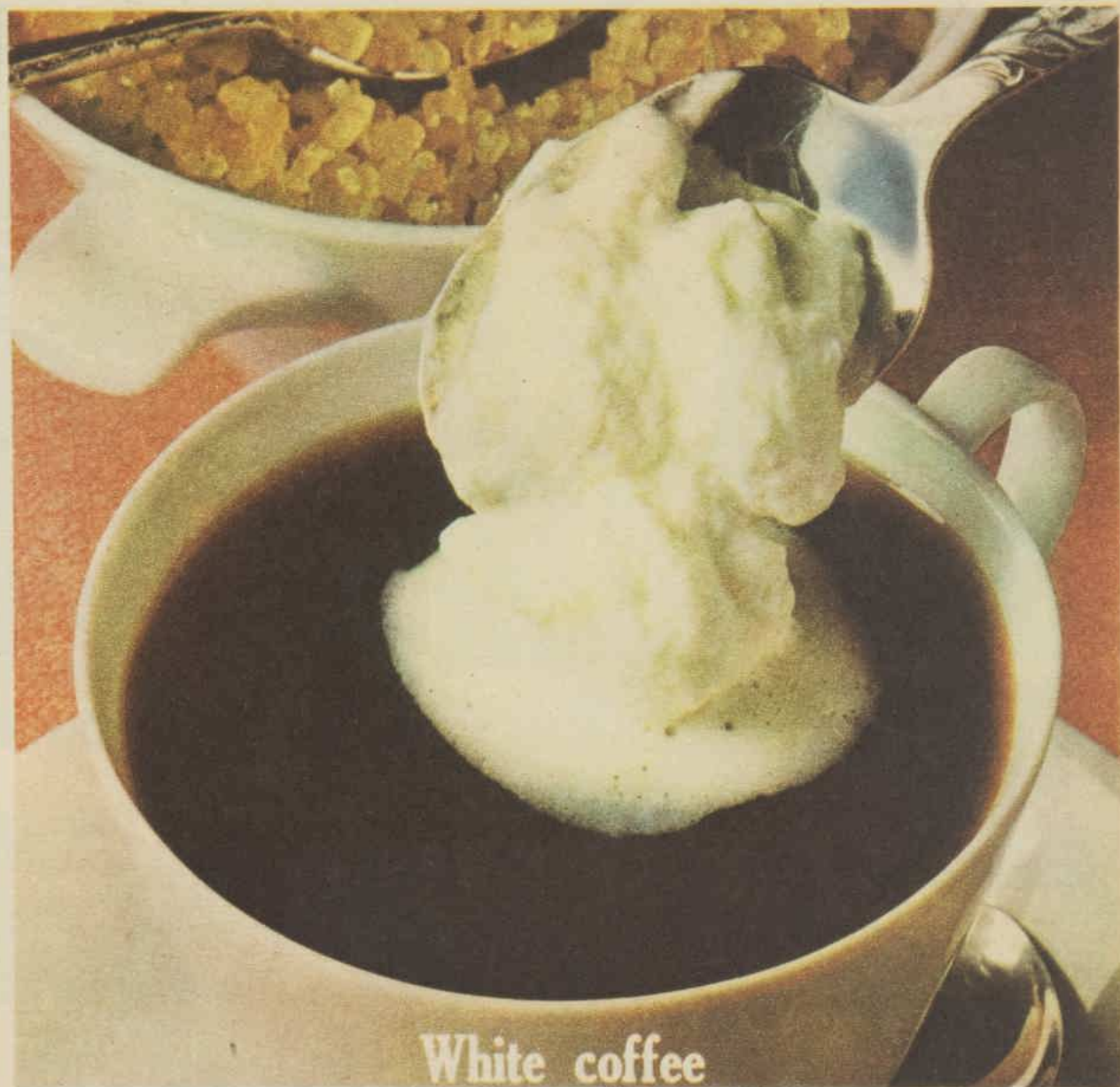
the war. You're taking it back now, for the fifteen years since!

"I'm coming for you tomorrow night. Be ready at seven. So long now, Dad." There was the sound of his feet on the stairs. Slowly, with the medal still in his hand, Angus McColl turned and went across the room to the verandah.

The sky was a flaming mass of color, orange and pink and red and green. Jock came out of the boarding-house. His back was straight, as a soldier's should be, and his head was held high.

It was all right. Everything was all right when your son could walk like that toward a tropic sunset.

(Copyright)



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**(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)**



would be open now. Another of his goofs. Can't I do anything right? he asked himself.

The car eased around a sweeping curve and the lights of the town of Tupper Lake were strung out before them. But there were only street lights, Dave noted as they drove slowly down the main street. Everything was buttoned up for the night. Even the motels were dark, their rooms filled to capacity.

"Well, maybe the next town," he said to Betsy, but without conviction.

"We could sleep in the car," she offered. "It's been done."

"Some deal," he muttered. "What about eating? I thought you were hungry."

"I'll survive."

Dave shook his head. "It isn't the way I planned it."

"That I'd survive?" Betsy

## Continuing . . . SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

from page 23

chuckled and then said quickly, "I'm sorry, Dave. I didn't mean to laugh in the wrong place."

"Why not?" he snapped. "It is pretty laughable, isn't it? Our wedding night and no place to go."

Betsy moved away from him suddenly without answering.

They were at the edge of the town when the headlights shone on a sign: "Lakeside Picnic Area. Free Parking." Abruptly Dave jerked the wheel to the right. "Okay. We'll park here and sleep in the car." He shrugged. "It's too late now to do things right."

He stopped the car beside a cluster of slender, white-barked saplings. Beyond them lay the calm,

dark surface of the lake. Dave switched off the lights and reached for the green plaid blanket in the rear seat.

"Here." He put the blanket on the seat between them. "You'll probably need this."

"Thanks." Betsy's voice sounded hurt and far away. "I'll be fine."

Dave winced. He'd let his anger hurt her. But the anger was at himself, not her. Didn't she understand. Still, why should she? he thought. She didn't know his ways. For the first time he began to realise how little they knew each other. Not even as much as good

friends know about each other. There was only the silver thread of love between them, and that was so fragile.

In the stillness he heard Betsy draw in her breath. It had a ragged sound, like silent crying. He put out his hand, but didn't touch her. "Betsy . . ." he began, searching for some magic words to span the breach between them. But he could find none. There was only a terrible feeling of having failed her.

He had wanted to make this night a beautiful memory she could cherish forever—the start of a perfect honeymoon, with everything just right. And now . . . He struck the steering-wheel sharply. Every-

thing had gone haywire — every thing. "Damn!"

Betsy's voice shot at him suddenly. "Well, I'm sorry. I didn't know finding a hotel room in such a hurry was so important to you."

The implication was unmistakable. And it touched off an anger he didn't even try to understand. He'd been thinking of her, only of her. "To me?" he couldn't help yelling. "Hasn't it occurred to you that I've been thinking about you? That I wanted things right for you? How do you think I've felt, bottling up the end of your wedding day like this?"

He stopped short. He was yelling at Betsy. Arguing on their wedding night. He wouldn't blame her if she wanted to get out of it right now.

Then he felt the hesitant touch of her hand.

"Dave . . ."

He turned to her.

"I'm sorry, Dave. Please don't be mad." She moved the blanket and slid close to him. "It was a fair of me to say what I did."

Dave relaxed. "I shouldn't have taken my anger out on you, either." He put his arm round her. "It's just that nothing has gone right since we left Donbrook. And I

We need more dreamers, more idealists, more do-gooders, for ours is a generation under pressure, engaged in a struggle we did not start, in a world we did not make . . . If the world cannot be saved by the spirit of its youth, it cannot hope to save the spirit of the ages. So those of us who are young men must serve our society in order to preserve what is as old as man — his quest for freedom and peace. And we do not despair. That ancient quest today is the ocean crest of tomorrow. No hand of iron can stay it. No wall of stone can confine it. A single breaker may recede, but the tide is coming in.

— Theodore Sorensen

wanted everything to be so right for you. I wanted this night to be something beautiful to remember."

Betsy's fingers touched his lips. "But this is beautiful, Dave," she said. "We're together and that's all that matters. I don't want to be given things to remember as if I were a child on a holiday. I'm your wife now, and being here like this, I feel your wife."

She laughed joyously. "Oh, Dave, how much more married could we get? We're tired and cold and hungry and we've had our first fight. We've built the cake before we put on the frosting."

Dave looked at her from a new level of perception. How real she was, he marvelled—how precious real! He laughed with her then and kissed her. And he suddenly knew they were good friends—they did not have to pretend any more.

(Copyright)



### PEACH WALNUT PARFAIT

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 pkt. jelly crystals; 1½ cups hot water; 1 tray vanilla ice-cream; 1 can drained sliced peaches; walnuts; whipped cream.  
**METHOD:** Dissolve jelly in hot water; add ice-cream. Stir until ice-cream melts. Chill until the mixture is thick but not set. Place alternate layers of parfait mixture and sliced peaches until glass is full. Decorate with whipped cream, peach slices and walnut halves.

## Easy! open a can of perfect peaches



### SPRINGTIME DELICE

**INGREDIENTS:** Crust: 1½ cups semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, ½ cup melted butter. Mix well, press firmly into a greased oblong tin and chill. **Topping:** 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 can peach slices (drained), 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup sugar, whipped cream and cherries to decorate.  
**METHOD:** Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg yolks, half the peach slices, lemon juice, lemon peel and ¼ cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add cheese, beat until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg whites until stiff and gradually add ½ cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture and pour onto remaining peach slices; fold through lightly. Fill into prepared tin and chill until firm. Cut into squares to serve and top each square with cream and a cherry.

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## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 25

"Now here you are, dear," she said, "a nice little treat. We're going to enjoy this."

She pulled forward a little table and placed it beside her employer. Then she turned a glance on Cherry. "The vacuum-cleaner," she said coldly, "is left in a most difficult position in the hall. I nearly fell over it. Anyone might have an accident."

"Righty-ho," said Cherry. "I'd better get on with things."

She left the room. "Really," said Miss Knight, "that Mrs. Baker! I'm continually having to speak to her about something or other. Leaving vacuum-cleaners all

over the place and coming in here chattering to you when you want to be quiet."

"I called her in," said Miss Marple. "I wanted to speak to her."

"Well, I hope you mentioned the way the beds are made," said Miss Knight. "I was quite shocked when I came to turn down your bed last night. I had to make it all over again."

"That was very kind of you," said Miss Marple.

"Oh, I never grudge being helpful," said Miss Knight. "That's why

I'm here, isn't it? To make a certain person we know as comfortable and happy as possible. Oh dear, dear," she added, "you've pulled out a lot of your knitting again."

Miss Marple leaned back and closed her eyes. "I'm going to have a little rest," she said. "Put the glass here — thank you. And please don't come in and disturb me for at least three-quarters of an hour."

"Indeed I won't, dear," said Miss Knight. "And I'll tell that Mrs. Baker to be very quiet."

She bustled out purposefully.

The good-looking young American

glanced round him in a puzzled way.

The ramifications of the housing estate perplexed him.

He addressed himself politely to an old lady with white hair and pink cheeks who seemed to be the only human being in sight.

"Excuse me, M'am, but could you tell me where to find Blenheim Close?"

The old lady considered him for a moment. He had just begun to wonder if she was deaf, and had prepared himself to repeat his demand in a louder voice, when she spoke.

"Along here to the right, then turn left, second to the right again, and straight on. What number do you want?"

"No. 16." He consulted a small piece of paper. "Gladys Dixon."

To page 56

## PANELYTE LAMINATED PLASTIC

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"Oh, a sort of friend of mine. She lives a few doors away. Works at the canteen at the studios."

"And she talked to you about Giuseppe?"

"Well, there was something that struck her as a bit funny and she was going to ask him what he was just an excuse—she's a bit nervous on him. Of course, he's quite handsome and Italians do have a way with them—I told her to be careful about him, though. You know what Italians are."

"He went to London yesterday," said Miss Marple, "and only returned in the evening. I understood."

"I wonder if she managed to get to see him before he went?"

"Why did she want to see him, Cherry?"

"It was just something which she was a bit funny," said Cherry. Miss Marple looked at her intently. She was able to take the word "funny" at the valuation it usually had for the Gladyses of the neighborhood.

"She was one of the girls who looked at the party there," explained Cherry. "The day of the see. You know, when Mrs. Badcock got hers."

"Yes," Miss Marple was looking more alert than ever, much as a superior might look at a waiting maid.

"And there was something that she saw that struck her as a bit funny."

"Why didn't she go to the police about it?"

"Well, she didn't really think it was anything, you see," explained Cherry. "Anyway, she thought she'd better ask Mr. Giuseppe first."

"What was it that she saw that day?"

"Frankly," said Cherry, "what she told me seemed nonsense! I've wondered, perhaps, if she was just putting me off—and what she was going to see Mr. Giuseppe about was something quite different."

"What did she say?" Miss Marple was patient and pursuing.

CHERRY frowned. "She was talking about Mrs. Badcock and the cocktail and she said she was quite near her at the time. And she said she did it herself."

"Did what herself?"

"Spilt her cocktail all down her dress and ruined it."

"You mean it was clumsiness?"

"No, not clumsiness. Gladys said she did it on purpose—that she meant to do it. Well, I mean, that doesn't make sense, does it, how ever you look at it?"

Miss Marple shook her head, perplexed. "No," she said. "Certainly not—no, I can't see any sense in that."

"She'd got on a new dress, too," said Cherry. "That's how the subject came up. Gladys wondered whether she'd be able to buy it. Said it ought to clean all right, but she didn't like to go and ask Mr. Badcock herself. She's very good at drumming, Gladys is, and she said it was lovely stuff. Blue artificial tulle, and she said even if the stuff was ruined where the cocktail stained it she could take out a seam—half a breadth, say—because it was one of those full skirts."

Miss Marple considered this drumming problem for a moment and then set it aside.

"But you think your friend Gladys might have been keeping something back?"

"Well, I just wondered because I don't see if that's all she saw—Heather Badcock deliberately spilling her cocktail over herself—I don't see that there'd be anything to ask Mr. Giuseppe about, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Marple. She sighed. "But it's always interesting when one doesn't see," she added. "If you don't see what a thing means you must be looking at it wrong way round, unless of course you haven't got full information. Which is probably the case here." She sighed. "It's a pity she didn't go straight to the police."

The door opened and Miss Knight bustled in holding a tall tumbler with a delicious pale yellow froth on top.





### The busiest feet in the world

... at rest—until tomorrow! Then another day of running, skipping, hopping, jumping, and the need for the flexibility, yet firmness, of "Jumping-Jacks". The one-piece sole aids balance, the hidden heel is graded to assist growing feet, the toe space allows for plenty of wriggling, and there's always the breathing comfort and safety of "Jumping-Jacks" all-leather construction.

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White, brown, honey-tan, red, beige. Sizes 2-8.

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# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● "A man," Dr. Samuel Johnson once said, "will turn over half a library to make one book." A subscriber, on an off day, may well turn over a whole library before he finds anything to his taste.

I HAD a day like that at the library yesterday, and came home finally with two novels that don't look worth reading, and a book edited by Hector Bolitho called "The Glorious Oyster."

I remember being surprised recently when I read that someone had written a whole, long book about ice-cream.

Oysters, as a subject for a large and handsomely illustrated volume, seemed even more surprising.

But, lying in bed reading it last night and getting hungrier every minute, it began to dawn on me that the oyster was one of the world's noblest creatures—he must be, since poets from Chaucer to the modern day have written in praise of him, and painters like van der Meer, Desportes, Jan Steen, Van Es, Theodore Rousseau, Manet, Dittlenbach, and Bracque have painted soul-stirring still lifes of him.

Hector Bolitho begins with the history of the oyster in Rome.

The Romans were enormous oyster eaters, and the 32-dozen men who win oyster-eating contests today would have found some sharp opposition among Roman fanciers.

When they conquered Britain the Romans were enraptured by the succulence and delicate flavor of the oysters they found growing there, and they used to put them into sacks of close-packed snow and send them all the way home to Rome.

The book traces the history of oysters in England after the departure of the Romans right up to the time of Dickens, when they were so plentiful and cheap (eightpence a bushel!) that Dickens' Sam Weller could say with some reason that "poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

### Teamwork (worth looking at twice!)

The "Everyday Book" for 1826 described an incident that had taken place in 1821, when "Mr. Huddy, the postmaster in Lismore, performed an extraordinary feat in the 97th year of his age.

"He travelled for a wager from Lismore to Fermoy in a Dungarvon oyster-tub drawn by a pig, a badger, two cats, a goose, and a hedgehog. He wore a large red night-cap on his head, carried a pig-driver's whip in one hand, and in the other a common cow's horn, which he blew to encourage his team and to give notice of this new form of posting."

It rather sounds as though the reporter who wrote this story, as well as the venerable Mr. Huddy, had been washing their oysters down with something fairly strong in the way of a drink!

### The oyster that

### whistled "Yankee Doodle"

THE history of the oyster in Great Britain is full of stories of eccentric oysters as well as of eccentric oyster-eaters.

In the 19th century, in Vinegar Lane, on the south side of Drury Lane Theatre, there was an oyster- and refreshment-room where actors and writers used to collect.

It was called "The Whistling Oyster," and over the door was a hanging lamp with

a big oyster painted on the sides, shown to be whistling a tune.

The proprietor, soon after the shop was opened, had heard a strange sound coming from one of the tubs and had discovered that one of the oysters was distinctly whistling.

The oyster was moved to a tub of his own, with a plentiful supply of bran and meal to keep him happy, and for many days the shop was besieged by people who came to hear him whistle.

The novelist Thackeray went along to see him and reported that while he was there an American came in and that "after hearing the talented mollusc go through its usual performances, he said it was nothing to an oyster he knew in Massachusetts which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."

Another story tells of an oyster which opened its shell in a cellar in an Ashburton inn and was immediately attacked by three mice.

The oyster snapped its shell shut, caught the three mice by the heads and was on display at the inn for many months as a new and curious sort of mousetrap!

### Two ideas for cooking oysters

THE book has an interesting section of the anatomy and physiology of the oyster as well as its oddly complex reproductive system.

Here Huxley is quoted as saying, "I suppose that when the rapid and slippery morsel—which is and is gone like a flash of gustatory summer lightning—glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery greatly more complicated than a watch."

There is an anthology of amusing oyster poems, lots of advice on how to open them (N.B. Popping them into a hot oven is regarded as not quite U) and a section of recipes for those who can bear the idea of cooking them.

You could try putting two finely chopped shallots in butter and frying them lightly.

Add parsley and two or three mushrooms chopped together, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, a little butter.

Allow this to cook for a few minutes, then place it over some large oysters which have been opened, drained, and left in the shell.

Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top, add a little melted butter to each, and brown them in a moderate oven.

Or you could try Oyster and Grapefruit Salad.

Parboil 1½ dozen oysters, drain and cool them, remove beards.

Take pulp from three halved grapefruits and mix it with the cooled oysters; add six tablespoons of tomato sauce, one of worcester, eight drops of tabasco, and a little salt.

Fill the drained grapefruits with the mixture and garnish them with curled celery.

My own feeling is that this last one is a recipe for people who can't bear the taste of oysters.

Don't worry, you won't taste them at all. If you want to make the dish more economically, just leave the oysters out.

[Advertisement]

## NEW FOOD IDEAS

from Betty King

A MONTHLY COLUMN OF NEW RECIPES, NEW FOODS AND NEW COOKING IDEAS



### Egg & Asparagus Casserole

1 pt. Continental brand Mushroom Soup; 2 cups (16 oz.) milk; 6 hard boiled eggs, salt; pepper; 1 medium can asparagus spears.

**Method:** Make up soup as directed using only 2 cups water and 1 cup milk. Then add the other 1 cup milk. Cut eggs into lengthwise wedges. Arrange in a casserole dish. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Drain asparagus, arrange on top. Pour over soup. Bake in a moderate oven (350° Gas, 400° Electric) for 20 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 4 portions.



### Pineapple Nut Crunch

½ lb. Wheat Crunch or similar type biscuits; 8 oz. icing sugar, sifted; ½ cup finely chopped pineapples; 2 oz. Cocoa shavings; 4 tablespoons milk.

**Topping:** 4 oz. cooking chocolate; 1 oz. blanched almonds, chopped.

**Method:** Crush biscuits finely, mix with icing sugar and pineapple in a basin. Melt Cocoa over gentle heat, must only be lukewarm and add milk. Add to dry ingredients and mix well. Grease an 11" x 7" x 1½" tin, line bottom with greaseproof paper, press mixture well into tin. Chill 2-3 hours in refrigerator. Cut into wedges. Melt chocolate in a basin over boiling water. Coat each wedge with chocolate and sprinkle with chopped almonds.



### Chocolate Rum Pie

6 oz. biscuit crust pastry; 1 pkt. Mellah Chocolate Dessert & Pie Filling; ½ pt. (15 oz.) milk; 2 tablesp. rum or rum essence; 4 oz. cooking chocolate; 2 tablesp. whipped cream; 1 level tablesp. sugar; a few drops rum or rum essence.

**Method:** Line an 8" pie plate with pastry—trim and decorate edges. Prick bottom. Bake in a moderate oven (350° Gas, 400° Electric) 18-20 minutes. Make up Chocolate Filling according to directions on packet using ½ pt. milk. Allow to cool slightly, add rum or essence. Pour into baked pastry case. Melt chocolate in a basin over boiling water—cool. Mix cream, sugar and rum, add cooled chocolate. Cover pie. Chill well in refrigerator. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream. Serves 6-8 portions.

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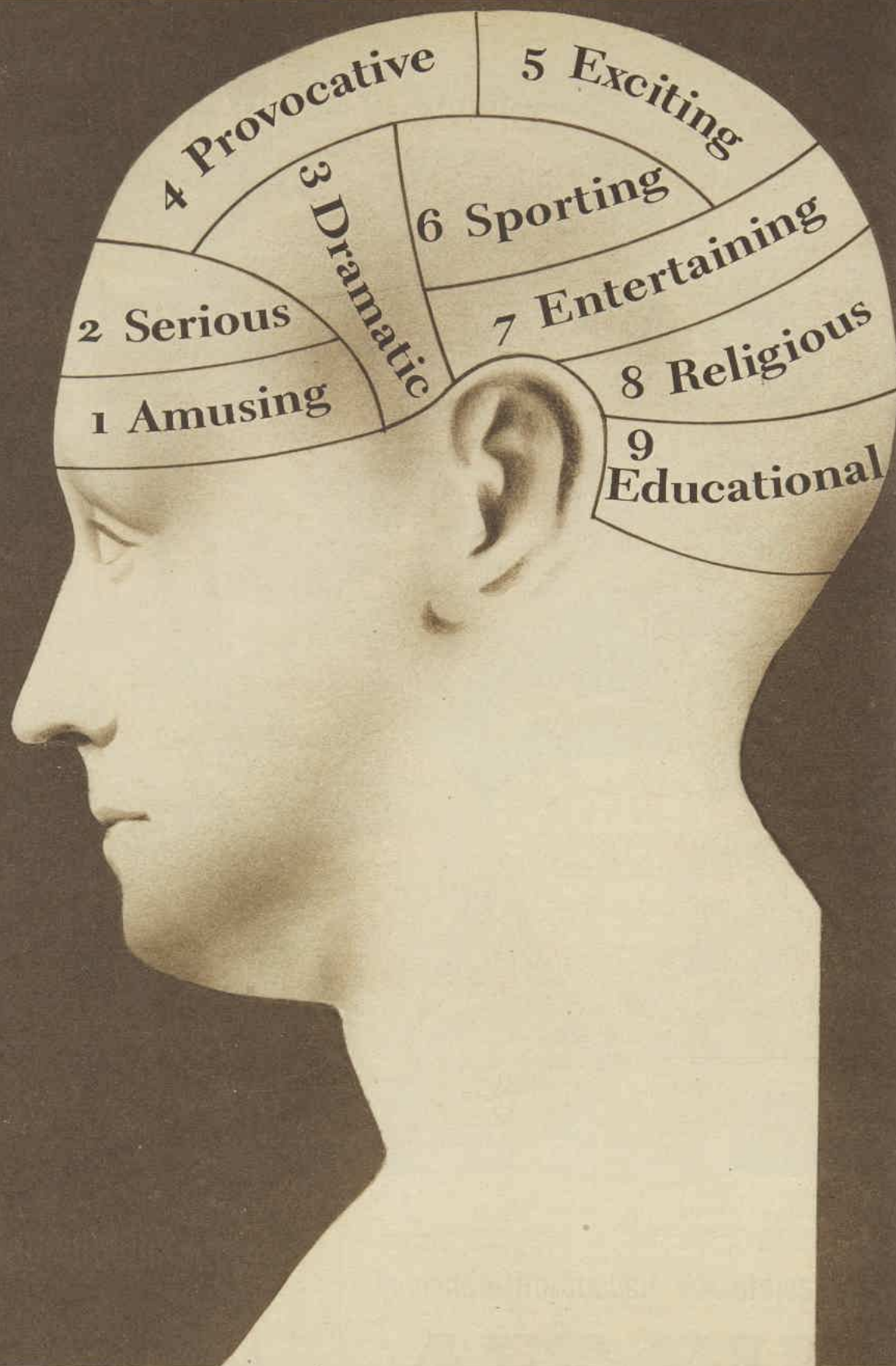
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## Fresh fruits for good health

By Sister Mary Jacob,  
our Mothercraft Nurse

- Every infant, growing child, and adult needs some fresh fruit and fruit juices daily, as well as raw and properly cooked vegetables.

THIS gives a balanced diet. Fresh fruits supply the body with valuable vitamins and mineral elements, without which there cannot be good nutrition.

A shortage of these often causes poor general health, while the absence of them causes certain deficiency diseases.

Mothers selecting fruit for small children should choose sound, ripe pieces — never over-ripe.

All fruit should be thoroughly washed before it is eaten in case the orchard from which it came has been sprayed with insecticides to keep the fruit trees free from destructive insect pests.

A leaflet describing various fruits and giving the different vitamin and mineral value of those most commonly used can be obtained free from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request for the leaflet.

- An excellent set of patterns to make a practical first layette for a baby is available from the same address. Price 3/6 the set. Post free.

• A READER'S STORY — told by a New Australian, in his own words.

## 'MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART'

- I used in my work to hear men say women are not true, and only marry so as not to have to keep themselves. Many times I think I will write my little story.

PERHAPS it will help someone, or other couples.

When I was a younger man I was interested in many pretty girls, and in one more than the others.

I came to Australia to save much money for a home, so we may marry soon.

Then, when nearly £1000 I have saved, I am struck with the polio.

I wrote, later, to my girl, saying that I have met someone else, for I did not wish for her to marry me in pity.

Three years pass and all my savings are gone, and I get the pension for being an invalid. Many times I feel like I will not go on, for I am in the wheelchair.

It is almost my birthday, and I sit thinking of my girl. I wonder if I did the good thing, to lie to her.

I think this as I sit at my sister's

home, weaving, which I have learned to do, since I cannot walk any more.

Then, coming up our street with my sister's husband, I think I see my girl.

I feel then I am going mad at last.

She looks the same girl, and walks in our gate with him, and I cannot speak.

IT IS MY GIRL. Someone of my family must have told her my true story.

### My foolish pride

She tells me she has saved, and my people helped, and she came to Australia to marry and take care of me.

I could not help crying.

My foolish pride had made us both very unhappy all these long years.

She knew I would not write to her if she did write to me, so she saved to come to me.

We have been married nearly two years now. I earn enough, with my pension, and we are very happy.

A good friend rents us cheaply a small home behind his shop, and he sells all we weave, and we can save to build a home some day.

I am even getting better, and I know that one day I will walk again.

It would be wonderful to own a home, but I do not envy the rich people.

Many millionaires are not so happy as I am, and my wonderful wife says she would not change places with any other woman.

I could be much worse off if I could not use my hands to do the weaving.

I feel independent, as I earn some money for us, and we have wonderful friends, and our good health.

Many have not so much!

— "Happy Migrant"

## The "uselessness" of punishment

(The best discipline is self-discipline

—so encourage children to want to be good)

- When I am addressing a group of mothers and advance the theory that punishment of children by their parents is not only undesirable but nearly always useless they look scandalised.

ONCE, when I had finished my talk and we were discussing the point, one mother said earnestly, "But surely I ought not to let my little girl win?" To which I could only reply, "Are you then at war with her?"

For surely the question of "winning" or "losing" implies that battles are being fought; and battles have no place in skilful mothercraft.

This does not, however, mean that there should be no discipline in the house or that children should feel free to do exactly what they like whenever they like.

What it does mean is the recognition of the fact that the only discipline worth having is self-discipline, and the only way of getting it for them is to make them really want to be good.

This is a long business. Since all children are born barbarians it will take many years of skilful guidance to help them to acquire high standards of conduct as well as self-control.

During the period most parents will lose their tempers (as I frequently lost mine) and will relieve their feelings by giving one or more of their offspring a hearty clout.

This is not only quite understandable but does in fact teach two valuable lessons.

It teaches the child that it is dangerous to irritate an adult beyond a certain point and it teaches the adult that her self-control is not nearly so good as she thought it was.

But otherwise it does nothing to teach self-control, nor does it show the children how to acquire good judgment in their behaviour.

And it is this ability to judge (and control) their own actions that children must learn.

The long process begins during the first week of life and does not end until adolescence has been reached or even passed.

It has to be taught through love, and it begins with the love of the infant for the mother who feeds and cares for it.

### "Gentle"

During the first eight months of life the infant gradually comes to recognise the sound and feel and sight of one person in whom he knows he can feel confidence. She provides food and warmth, and her voice gives encouragement and a feeling of companionship, banishing loneliness and instilling the belief that the world is a happy place.

When a mother's voice is always gentle and her actions calm and assured the first seeds of self-confidence are sown in the child.

It is at this stage that the

first ideas of right and wrong are introduced.

They are based on the child's desire to please, for it can be made clear that certain activities bring smiling approval from mother while others are greeted with a sad "no, no."

Because the link between mother and child is so strong, a baby will gradually come to realise which are the actions which are likely to meet with approval and which are not.

### By Anne Cuthbert

I have often seen a toddler putting out a tentative hand to touch something he realises his mother may not wish him to touch and then draw back, not because he is afraid of being smacked but because he knows she will look sad and say "no, no" very firmly.

I once saw a little three-year-old whose mother had told him in no uncertain way that he was behaving very badly wait for a minute or two, then climb on her lap, put his arms round her neck, and ask, "Are you nice now?" evidently feeling that she needed help to regain her wonted sunny attitude and bring life back to normal for them both.

It is during the first five years of life that a child's good behaviour can quite reasonably be bound up with the wish to please his mother. His love for her will help him to do what pleases her.

It is particularly important during these early years never to give an order that cannot be carried out.

If you tell a child to do something and he refuses and you cannot make him do it, you are merely giving him practice in disobedience.

Orders which cannot be enforced should always be given as requests. The request may, of course, be refused, but if the mother-child relationship is a happy one the child is likely to feel rather uncomfortable because he has been disobliging.

In any case, he will have had no practice in the doubtful joy of flat disobedience.

Between the fifth and sixth birthday most children are capable of accepting, without entirely comprehending, a simple code of ethics based on the understanding that some actions are right and some are wrong.

But, though they may accept the rules in principle, they will often fail to live up to them in practice.

It is these failures which

some parents consider should be punished.

In this I am sure they are wrong.

The bold, rebellious type will just tell himself that having paid for his wrongdoing he is quite at liberty to sin again (and if necessary pay again), whereas the timid child may decide that while he is still young and unable to retaliate it would be foolish to chance being punished.

He will wait till he is older and stronger before he takes such risks.

In neither case has the child been helped to overcome his own failings.

As the children grow older and begin to go out into the world of school and sport they must, of course, be guarded against certain dangers, and for this reason some rules of conduct must be laid down.

### Good—or bad

Parents cannot always be in a position to see if these rules are obeyed, but if early training has accustomed their offspring to accept parental rules as reasonable (particularly if they are very few in number), children can usually be counted on to do the right thing when left to their own devices.

Those, on the other hand, who have always been punished for wrong-doing, are likely to seize any opportunity to behave badly, if they are sure that they won't be found out.

Finally, parents should understand that a child does need to be shown that bad behaviour will bring its

own consequences, even when there is no suggestion of deliberate punishment.

If, for instance, he makes a nuisance of himself when playing with other children, nobody will want to play with him.

Punishment nearly always means "loss of face," which usually brings the reaction of "don't care" instead of genuine regret.

From the parents' point of view this careful guiding into the habit of doing the right thing is a very long-term and often disheartening process, but for those who persevere it is so well worth while.

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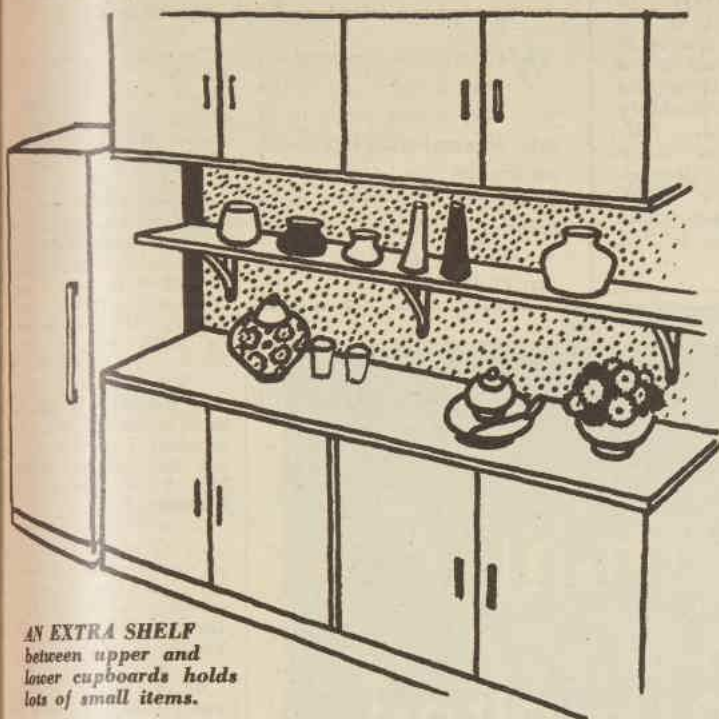
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# BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN



AN EXTRA SHELF  
between upper and  
lower cupboards holds  
lots of small items.

## Extra shelf for kitchen

• A shelf between workbench and upper cupboards in the kitchen is useful to hold odds and ends and to prevent clutter on the working space while preparing meals.

SUCH a shelf is easily made. It should be narrow and is best covered with laminated plastic to match the workbench top or surrounding wall surfaces.

Use a length of 8in. x 1in. oregon for the shelf. Fit it on supporting cleats at either end and with metal brackets in between. Brackets should be fixed through to noggings behind wallboard for strength.

If fixing to masonry, use special wall plugs to secure the brackets.

Complete sheets of laminated plastic are expensive, and, if you do not need such a large amount, most large hardware stores sell offcuts at reasonable prices.

Use contact adhesive glue to apply the plastic. A special comb is available to spread the glue.

First cut a strip to fit the narrow edge of the shelf. It is difficult for the handyman to do his own cutting, but this will be done by the suppliers.

The strip should overlap the surface to be covered by a fraction of an inch.

Measure the strip before applying the glue to make sure the size is quite accurate.

Press the strip on in the middle of the shelf first and gradually work out toward the edges, pressing the strip down very firmly as you go. It will grip immediately and there will be no room for error because it is almost impossible to remove once it makes contact with the glue. No adjustment is possible after the first placement.

Any overlap can be filed off immediately the plastic is in place.

When the glue is applied to the top of the shelf, place small sticks across it about every 18in. Then position the sheet of laminated plastic (just held off the glue by the sticks) and make sure it will fit exactly.

Start at the middle, removing the sticks one at a time and pressing down each section of the plastic firmly before removing the next stick.

**NEXT WEEK: Collect a basic tool-kit.**

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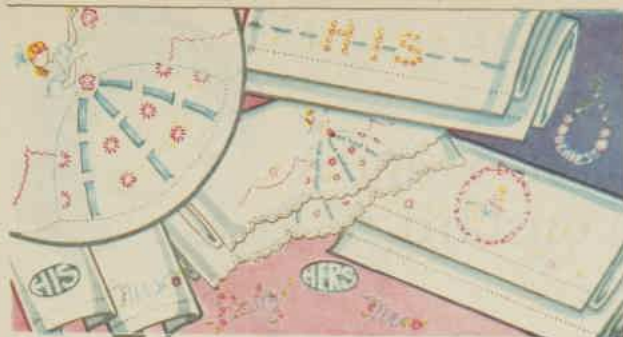
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## Household hints

● Below are useful tips from readers that will prove helpful. Each one wins £1/1/-.

WHEN new linoleum is put down, cut circles from the leftover pieces to fit table legs and chair legs. Glue on to the legs, and prevent marks and dents on new floor-covering. — Mrs. K. Burgess, 3 Gainsborough Ave., Ferryden Park, S.A.

Tea will be more aromatic and stronger if a lump of sugar is placed in the teapot before the boiling water is poured on the leaves.—Mrs. A. Clabaine, Margaret Ave., West Croydon, La.

An economical paste made from 1 cake sand soap crushed finely and 2oz. soap powder mixed with boiling water will clean saucepans and leaves no taste if pots are rinsed well with cold water after cleaning. The paste is also good for baths, sinks, etc.—Mrs. Myers, c/o Coonera P.O., Qld.

If troubled with ants in the house in summer, place a piece of cucumber peel where they enter and they will soon disappear.—Mrs. R. W. Mullins, First St., Gladstone, S.A.

Use up leftover paints by pushing garden stakes with them. The stakes in various colors are attractive in the garden.—Mrs. Ann Clark, 84 Judd St., Penrith, N.S.W.

If you munch a piece of orange rind after eating oranges, you will remove all trace of the distasteful smell.—Mrs. M. Wigley, 17 Beazley St., Gullford, N.S.W.

Straw mats will wear twice as long if a sugar-bag, cut in the shape of the mat, is sewn by hand on the back.—Miss A. Drake, P.O., Mooloolah, North Coast Line, Qld.

To clean a coir doormat, turn it over on a sheet of paper and tread firmly all over the back. The dirt will fall on to the paper, which can be rolled up and thrown away. This method eliminates wear and tear on fibres caused by shaking the mat.—Mrs. E. Tyler, 7 Fitzgerald St., Yarralumla, A.C.T.

Add a little vinegar when mending starch; it will prevent the mending from sticking to the garment when ironing.—K. Panton, 6 Diprui Kings Meadows, Launceston, Tas.

Remove scratches and dents from wooden furniture by placing a thick pad of wet blotting-paper over scratch and pressing with moderately hot iron until pad is almost dry. The moist heat draws up the wood. This treatment may have to be repeated several times if scratch is deep.—Mrs. I. G. Hurst, 9 Yathong St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

If you lack a broom cupboard, procure a piece of large water pipe with flat bottom, paint and varnish it if you wish, and stand it in a corner of your laundry to hold the brooms neatly.—Mrs. F. Boyes, 12 Warranella Ave., Rosebud, Vic.

Baby's discarded feeding-bottle makes a handy ounce measure in the kitchen.—Mrs. V. Deveniza, P.O. Box 178, Hume Hill, North Qld.

Paint, no matter how hard, can be removed from washable clothes with a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Sponge paint spots with this mixture, then wash in heavy soap suds.—Mrs. T. Harding, Goodlands Ave., Thornbury, N.S.W.

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# COOKING WITH CHEESE

● Cheese is a valuable food with great versatility. It can be used, cooked or uncooked, as the basis for many delicious savory dishes.

## RECIPES FROM OUR

### LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

INNUMERABLE types of cheese are produced in the world today. Australians are fortunate in being able to buy excellent locally produced cheeses, as well as a wide variety imported from overseas.

The recipes in this feature use both local and imported cheeses. Often the cheese used can be a matter of personal choice, depending on the flavor and color desired in the dish.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in all the recipes.

#### CASSINO SPAGHETTI

One clove crushed garlic, 2 onions (finely chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 2 tablespoons oil, 1lb. lean minced beef (or pork-and-veal mince if desired), 1lb. cooking tomatoes (skinned and chopped roughly), good pinch oregano, salt, cayenne pepper, few drops chilli sauce, 1 cup beef stock, 1lb. spaghetti, boiling salted water, 1 extra tomato, 1 cup grated cheese.

Saute garlic, onions, and green pepper in heated oil. Add meat, allow to brown all over. Mix in chopped tomatoes, herbs, seasonings, and stock. Cover, simmer gently 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, keep hot over saucepan of hot water. Just before serving time, place spaghetti in base of large ovenproof dish, spoon over meat mixture. Slice extra tomato and arrange over top of meat, sprinkle with cheese. Place in moderate oven, bake about 10 to 15 minutes or until cheese begins to melt and brown. Garnish with parsley and serve. Serves 6.

#### BUFFET CHEESE BITS

Two eggs (separated), 3 cup grated cheddar cheese, 1 finely chopped gherkin, pinch paprika, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch mixed herbs, 1 cup sifted flour, hot fat or oil, 1 cup breadcrumbs, extra 1 cup grated cheese.

Saute chopped onion in heated butter, add to beaten egg-yolks which have been mixed in basin with cheese, gherkin, paprika, parsley, and herbs; mix well. Add sifted flour and salt, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Form into small balls, then roll in mixture of breadcrumbs and cheese. Fry in deep hot fat or oil until golden and cooked through. Serve hot. Serves 6.

#### GOLDEN CROWN OYSTERS

One dozen oysters (on the shell), lemon, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 1lb. diced processed cheese, 1/2 teaspoon salt, paprika, pinch mustard, breadcrumbs, lettuce.

Season oysters with little lemon juice, salt and pepper; stand aside. Scald milk, add cheese, salt, paprika, and mustard. Stir over very low heat until sauce is smooth. Spoon little on each oyster, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and paprika. Grill if liked or serve oysters as they are on a bed of shredded lettuce. Serves 6.

#### FRENCH SAILS

One long loaf French bread, 1 small clove garlic, salt, pepper, 3oz. butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup snipped parsley.

Cut loaf into vertical slices. Crush garlic and mix with butter which has been melted; season with salt, pepper. Spread or brush on bread slices, place in moderate oven 5 minutes to heat and begin to brown. Remove from oven, add layer of cheese to each. Return to oven, continue cooking until cheese begins to melt and brown. Serve hot, sprinkled with the snipped parsley.

#### SPANAKOPETA ROLLS

One and three-quarter cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup water, 1lb. butter (melted), 1 onion (chopped), 10 shallots (sliced), 4 tablespoons chopped dill, 1 cup chopped parsley, 2lb. fresh spinach (cooked, drained, and chopped), 3 eggs, 1lb. cottage cheese, 1lb. grated parmesan cheese, extra 3 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Sift flour and 1 teaspoon salt into bowl. Add water, mixing well; knead gently. Roll out as thin as possible on lightly floured surface. Cut into 4 squares; spread each with some melted butter. Stack squares into layers; set aside. Combine

1/2 cup melted butter and onion in pan; saute 10 minutes. Add shallots, dill, and parsley; saute 5 minutes. Add spinach, pepper, and remaining salt; mix well. Cool 10 minutes. Beat eggs in bowl, add cottage cheese and parmesan cheese; mix until smooth. Add spinach mixture, mixing until well blended; correct seasoning. Roll dough (stacked) as thin as possible. Brush with half remaining butter. Spread spinach mixture over 2-3rds of dough. Roll up as for jelly roll, place in baking-pan, prick top; pour remaining butter over. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 minutes or until brown on top, sprinkle with parsley. Slice and serve hot. Serves 6.

#### BULGARIAN CHEESED POTATOES

Eight potatoes (peeled and thinly sliced), 1lb. cottage cheese, 1 cup melted butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 2 eggs, 1 cup yoghurt.

Place layer of potatoes in buttered casserole. Mix cheese and butter together and spread layer on top. Sprinkle with some of salt and pepper. Continue with layers of potatoes, cheese, salt and pepper until all ingredients are used. Bake

in moderate oven 30 minutes. Beat eggs and yoghurt together, pour over top layer of casserole. Bake further 20 minutes or until egg mixture is set and lightly browned. Serve hot. Serves 6.

#### CELERY PARMIGIANA

One bunch celery, 3 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup stock (or 1/2 bouillon cube dissolved in 1/2 cup hot water), 1 cup chopped ham, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese, 1/2 cup grated gruyere or cheddar cheese.

Wash celery thoroughly and remove leaves. Cut into slices 1/4 in. thick. Melt butter in pan. Add celery, saute 5 minutes, stirring gently so as not to break up slices. Add stock, ham, salt, pepper. Cover, cook over medium heat 15 minutes; drain carefully. Place celery in buttered baking-dish, sprinkle grated cheeses on top. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until cheese is lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf



ATTRACTIVE BUFFET-STYLE SPREAD above features dishes containing one or more varieties of cheese. They are Cassino Spaghetti, Golden Crown Oysters, French Sails, and Buffet Cheese Bits, accompanied by a salad.



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## Recipes for trout

• This week's £5 prize has been awarded to Mrs. D. Thomson, 372 Upper Heidelberg Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic., for her recipes for cooking trout.

"FISHERMEN will take thousands of brown and rainbow trout from the rivers, creeks, and lakes throughout Australia between now and the close of the season in April," Mrs. Thomson said.

"This freshwater fish is best cooked and eaten as soon as possible after it is caught to get the delicate flavor at its best. Some will be put straight into a pan as soon as cleaned in the running water or grilled over an open fire on the banks of the trout stream.

"But the many taken home to be admired by family and friends can be given top treatment by using the following recipes collected over the years and enjoyed by the fishermen and my family."

### BAKED TROUT

Four or 5 small trout, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped fresh herbs or 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup grated cheese.

Wash fish, clean and dry. Pack whole fish closely together in greased ovenproof dish, dot with butter, sprinkle with parsley and herbs. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, pour over beaten

egg-yolks, top with cheese. Return to oven until good crust has formed.

### TROUT TYROLEAN STYLE

Trout fillets, seasoned flour, butter or substitute, lemon to garnish, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon each chopped parsley and chives, 1 dill cucumber (chopped), 1 tablespoon capers, 2 tablespoons caviare (optional).

Coat required number of fillets with seasoned flour; fry in hot butter or substitute until golden. Garnish with lemon wedges, serve with sauce made by combining all remaining ingredients.

### TROUT IN FOIL

One large trout, melted butter, salt, pepper, parsley, lemon.

Take piece of aluminium foil large enough to wrap trout completely. Brush one side of foil with melted butter, place fish in centre. Season fish with salt and pepper, tuck 2 sprigs parsley inside. Brush top of fish with butter, top with lemon slice. Fold foil into package; bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Then open and turn back foil, continue baking until fish is tender.

Flavor Variations: Before baking, top each trout with any of the following—

- Two sauteed mushrooms and 1 teaspoon chopped chives.
- Little grated onion, 2 tablespoons tomato paste or sauce, and pinch basil.
- Slice of bacon.

## COOKING WITH CHEESE (continued)

### SCHONBRUNNER PIE

Quarter pound butter or substitute, 6 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour cream, 4 tablespoons flour, 6 egg-whites, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. ham (coarsely chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked green peas, 2 cups cooked cauliflower (broken in pieces), 1 cup sauteed mushrooms (sliced).

Cream butter in bowl, add egg-yolks, sour cream, and 2 tablespoons flour. Beat well. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in remaining flour and 2 tablespoons cheese. Add egg-white to egg-yolk mixture, folding gently. Pour half mixture into buttered ovenproof dish. Cover evenly with chopped ham and peas, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons cheese. Spread with cauliflower, sprinkle over another 2 tablespoons cheese. Top with mushrooms, sprinkle over remaining cheese, cover with remaining egg mixture. Put pie in cold oven, set to moderate heat, and bake 45 minutes or until set and golden brown on top but not overbaked. Serve hot immediately. Serves 6 to 8.

### CHEESE BLINTZES

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 cup milk  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cream cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cottage cheese, 2 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat eggs, oil, and milk together. Add flour and salt, beat until smooth. Chill in refrigerator 30 minutes. (Batter should be consistency of cream; if too thick add little milk.) Melt 1 teaspoon butter in 7in. frying-pan. Pour tablespoon of batter into pan, turning it quickly to cover bottom of pan. Fry 1 minute on one side only; remove from pan, continue process until all batter is used. Stack pancakes as they are made, with fried side up. Beat cream

cheese, cottage cheese, egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla until smooth. Place tablespoon of mixture on each pancake. Turn the two opposite sides in, then roll up carefully. Melt remaining butter in large frying-pan and fry all blintzes until lightly browned on both sides. Serve hot with sour cream and a little sugar if desired, or cold. Serves 6 to 8.

### MUSHROOMS WITH CHEESE

One clove garlic (minced), 1 onion (grated), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch basil, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1-3rd cup oil, 2 tablespoons wine vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mushrooms (washed and sliced),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheddar cheese.

Mix together garlic, onion, parsley, basil, salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar. Add mushrooms and marinate 3 hours, basting frequently; drain mushrooms. Melt half the butter in pan. Add mushrooms, cook over very high heat 1 minute. Reduce heat to low, then cook further 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Butter ovenproof dish well, put in mushrooms. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and cheese, dot with remaining butter. Put under grill until browned. Serves 6.

### AFRICAN CASSEROLE

Two pounds good quality steak, 3 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs (beaten), oil or shortening for deep frying, 4 cups cooked macaroni.

Cut steak into 1in. squares. Sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper. Reserve half cheese and dip steak pieces in remaining egg, then in breadcrumbs, eggs, and again in breadcrumbs. Heat oil to 375 degrees in deep saucepan. Drop in several pieces of meat, fry 1 minute; drain. Continue

until all meat is used. Place macaroni in buttered casserole, sprinkle with remaining salt, pepper, and cheese, place steak pieces on top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes or until browned on top. Serve with tomato halves (grilled). Serves 6.

### ITALIA VEGETABLE SOUP

Half pound fresh beans (sliced), 3 potatoes and tomatoes (both peeled and sliced), 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  quarts water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. vermicelli or fine spaghetti, 1 tablespoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 clove garlic (minced), pinch thyme, pinch basil, 2 tablespoons tomato paste or sauce, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese.

Place beans, potatoes, tomatoes, and water in large saucepan; cook 15 minutes. Add vermicelli, salt, and pepper, cook 12 minutes more. Mix garlic, herbs, and tomato paste together, add oil drop by drop. Add to soup gradually, mixing steadily. Serve very hot sprinkled with grated cheese. Serves 4 to 6.

### FRENCH ONION SOUP

One-third cup butter, 5 onions (thinly sliced), 2 tablespoons flour, 7 cups stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 6 slices white toast (use french bread if possible), 6 thin slices gruyere or swiss cheese, 4 tablespoons shredded gruyere or swiss cheese.

Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Saute onions over low heat until browned, stirring constantly. Add flour, mix until smooth. Gradually add stock, stirring, then pepper. Cover, cook over low heat 30 minutes; add seasoning if necessary. Put slice of toast in each soup plate, cover with cheese slice, then pour over soup. Place under grill 1 minute to melt cheese. Sprinkle with shredded cheese, serve. Serves 6.

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TABLETS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 6, 1963



## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on antique furniture and vases owned by readers.

*My vase is pale blue and dark blue in color and has a leaf design around the base. There is a ring and a small figure at the top.—Miss M. V. Kearney, Auckland, N.Z.*

Your ornamental ewer-shaped jug (left) is known as Cologne ware and was made in Germany about 80 years ago.

Could you give me some information about my vase, please? There is a picture on the front with the name Reynolds signed in gold.—Nancy Coulter, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Your vase (right) is about 70 or 80 years old. It is probably Austrian. It is not easy to classify this type of "trade" porcelain, which was mass-produced in Europe during the late 19th century. The picture panel is usually transfer printed and colored and the Reynolds in gold is used to indicate that the subject matter is after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1791).

For example, porcelain or pottery bearing the names of, say, Boucher, Watteau, or Reynolds are never original pieces by these artists. There are no exceptions to the rule.



● Ewer-shaped vase



● Porcelain vase

I have a dressing-table which is part of a bedroom suite. Could you tell me its age, please? It is hand-carved cedar and has been in our family for many years.—Mrs. B. Matheson, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Your Victorian dressing-table (below) of semi-circular form was made about 1875.

I have a silver circular hand-mirror which is decorated with a small rope-like pattern on the edge. The back has scrolls, HM, an anchor, lion, and the letter K. Could you tell me its age, please?—L. E. Camp, Mt. Isa, Qld.

Your silver hand-mirror is Edwardian. It bears the Birmingham hallmarks for 1910.



● Dressing-table

I would be grateful if you could give me your opinion on a chair that I own. The seatcover and top are covered in hand-worked tapestry and I think the wood is cedar. Would I detract from its value if I had it re-covered? — Mrs. B. Gully, Auckland, N.Z.

This interesting chair (below) is a Victorian prayer chair, approximately 100 years old. It is probably cedar, but I cannot ascertain the timber from the photograph. A large number of these chairs were made from walnut. If the original hand-worked coverings are beyond repair, then I do not think you will devalue the chair by having it re-covered in a suitable material.



● Prayer chair



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"That's right," said the old lady. "But I believe she works at the Hellingforth Studios. In the canteen. You'll find her there if you want her."

"She didn't turn up this morning," explained the young man. "I want to get hold of her to come up to Gossington Hall. We're very short-handed there today."

"Of course," said the old lady. "The butler was shot last night, wasn't he?"

The young man was slightly staggered by this reply.

"I guess news gets round pretty quickly in these parts," he said.

"It does indeed," said the old lady. "Mr. Rudd's secretary died of some kind of seizure yesterday, too, I understand." She shook her head. "Terrible. Quite terrible. What are we coming to?"

A little later in the day yet another visitor found his way to 16 Blenheim Close. Detective - Sergeant William (Tom) Tiddler.

In reply to his sharp knock on the smart yellow painted door, it was opened to him by a girl of about fifteen. She had long straggly fair hair and was wearing tight black pants and an orange sweater.

"Miss Gladys Dixon live here?"

"You want Gladys? You're unlucky. She isn't here."

"Where is she? Out for the evening?"

"No. She's gone away. Bit of a holiday like."

"Where's she gone to?"

"That's telling," said the girl.

Tom Tiddler smiled at her in his most ingratiating manner. "May I come in? Is your mother at home?"

"Mum's out at work. She won't be in until half past seven. But she can't tell you any more than I can. Gladys has gone off for a holiday."

## Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 45

"Oh, I see. When did she go?"

"This morning. All of a sudden like. Said she'd got the chance of a free trip."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me her address."

The fair-haired girl shook her head. "Haven't got an address," she said. "Gladys said she'd send us her address as soon as she knew where she was going to stay. As like as not she won't though," she added. "Last summer she went to Newquay and never sent us as much as a postcard. She's slack that way, and besides, she says, why do mothers have to bother all the time?"

"Did somebody stand her this holiday?"

"Must have," said the girl. "She's pretty hard up at the moment. Went to the sales last week."

"And you've no idea at all who gave her this trip or — er — paid for her going there?"

THE fair girl bristled suddenly. "Now don't you get any wrong ideas. Our Gladys isn't that sort. She and her boy-friend may like to go to the same place for holidays in August, but there's nothing wrong about it. She pays for herself. So don't you get ideas, mister."

Tiddler said meekly that he wouldn't get ideas, but he would like the address if Gladys Dixon should send a postcard.

He returned to the station with the result of his various

inquiries. From the studios, he had learnt that Gladys Dixon had rung up that day and said she wouldn't be able to come to work for about a week. He had also learned some other things.

"No end of a shemuzzle there's been there lately," he said. "Marina Greg's been having hysterics most days. Said some coffee she was given was poisoned. Said it tasted bitter. Awful state of nerves she was in. Her husband took it and threw it down the sink and told her not to make so much fuss."

"Yes?" said Craddock. It seemed plain there was more to come.

"But word went round as Mr. Rudd didn't throw it all away. He kept some and had it analysed and it was poison."

"It sounds to me," said Craddock, "very unlikely. I'll have to ask him about that."

Jason Rudd was nervous, irritable, when interviewed later.

"Surely, Inspector Craddock," he said, "I was only doing what I had a perfect right to do."

"If you suspected anything was wrong with that coffee, Mr. Rudd, it would have been much better if you'd turned it over to us."

"The truth of it is that I didn't suspect for a moment that anything was wrong with it."

"In spite of your wife saying that it tasted odd?"

"Oh, that!" A faintly rue-

ful smile came to Rudd's face.

"Ever since the date of the fete everything that my wife has eaten or drunk has tasted odd. What with that and the threatening notes that have been coming—"

"There have been more of them?"

"Two more. One through the window down there. The other one was slipped in the letter-box. Here they are if you would like to see them."

Craddock looked. They were printed, as the first one had been. One ran: "It won't be long now. Prepare yourself."

The other had a rough drawing of a skull and crossbones and below it was written: This means you, Marina.

Craddock's eyebrows rose. "Very childish," he said. "Meaning you discount them as dangerous?"

"Not at all," said Craddock. "A murderer's mind usually is childish. You've really no idea at all, Mr. Rudd, who sent these?"

"Not the least," said Jason. "I can't help feeling it's more like a macabre joke than anything else. It seemed to me perhaps—" he hesitated.

"Yes, Mr. Rudd?"

"It could be somebody local, perhaps, who — who had been excited by the poisoning on the day of the fete. Someone, perhaps, who has a grudge against the acting profession. There are rural pockets where acting is considered to be one of the devil's weapons."

"Meaning that you think Miss Gregg is not actually

threatened? But what about this business of the coffee?"

"I don't even know how you got to hear about that," said Rudd with some annoyance.

Craddock shook his head.

"Everything's talked about. It always comes to one's ears sooner or later. But you should have come to us. Even when you got the result of the analysis you didn't let us know, did you?"

"No," said Jason. "No, I didn't. But I had other things to think about. Poor Ella's death for one thing. And now this business of Giuseppe. Inspector Craddock, when can I get my wife away from here? She's half frantic."

"I can understand that. But there will be the inquests to attend."

"You do realise that her life is still in danger?"

"I hope not. Every precaution will be taken—"

"Every precaution! I've heard that before, I think . . . I must get her away from here, Craddock. I must."

MARINA was lying on the chaise-longue in her bedroom, her eyes closed. She looked grey with strain and fatigue.

Her husband stood there for a moment looking at her. Her eyes opened.

"Was that that Craddock man?"

"Yes."

"What did he come about?"

"Ella?"

"Ella—and Giuseppe."

Marina frowned.

"Giuseppe? Have they found out who shot him?"

"Not yet."

"It's all like a nightmare . . . Did he say we could go away?"

"He said—not yet."

"Why not? We must. Didn't you make him see that I can't go on waiting day after day for someone to kill me. It's fantastic."

"Every precaution will be taken."

"They said that before. Did it stop Ella being killed? Or Giuseppe? Don't you see, they'll get me in the end. There was something in my coffee that day at the studio. I'm sure there was. . . . I only wish I hadn't poured it away! If we'd kept it, we could have had it analysed whatever you call it. We'd have known for sure."

"Would it have made you happier to know for sure?"

She stared at him, the pupils of her eyes widely dilated.

"I don't see what you mean. If they'd known for sure that someone was trying to poison me, they'd have let us leave here, they'd have let us get away!"

"Not necessarily."

"But I can't go on like this! I can't . . . I can't. . . . You must help me, Jason. You must do something. I'm frightened. I'm so terribly frightened. . . . There's an enemy here. And I don't know who it is. . . . It might be anyone—anyone. At the studios—or here in the house. Someone who hates me—why? . . . why? . . . Some-

one who wants me dead. . . . But who is it? Who is it? I thought—I was almost sure—it was Ella. But now—"

"You thought it was Ella?"

Jason sounded astounded.

"But why?"

"Because she hated me—"

oh yes, she did. Don't men-

ever see these things? She was

madly in love with you. I don't

believe you had the least idea

of it. But it can't be Ella, be-

cause Ella's dead. Oh.

To page 60



### Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

**ACHING LEGS  
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ENLARGED VEINS  
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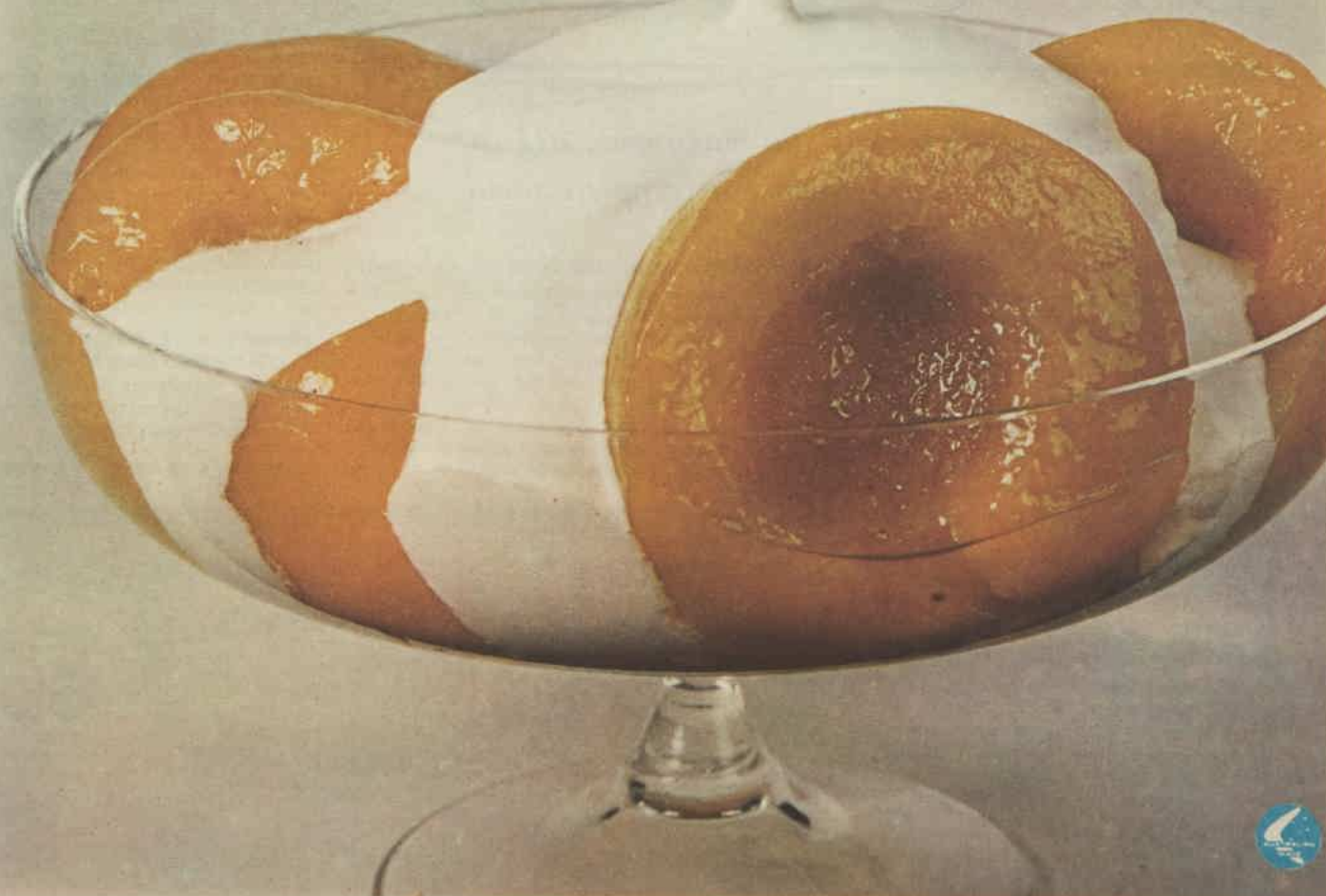


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(20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build)

WOMEN	20 yrs.			25 yrs.			30 yrs.			35 yrs.		
	ft.	ins.	sts. lbs.	ft.	ins.	sts. lbs.	ft.	ins.	sts. lbs.	ft.	ins.	sts. lbs.
5 0	7	11	7 12	8	2	5 6	9	2	9 5	9	7	9 7
5 1	8	0	8 2	8	4	5 7	9	6	9 8	9	11	9 11
5 2	8	2	8 5	8	7	5 8	9	8	9 12	10	1	10 1
5 3	8	5	8 8	8	11	5 9	9	12	10 2	10	4	10 4
5 4	8	8	8 11	9	0	5 10	10	2	10 5	10	8	10 8
5 5	8	12	9 1	9	4	5 11	10	7	10 9	10	12	10 12

N.B. The ideal weight at 30 years should be maintained for the rest of one's life. Based on figures prepared by the Institute of Life Extension Examiners, Inc., U.S.A.

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# Joan Sutherland

the women parade like lady peacocks and the men look as if none of them belong legally to their companions. In New York, the audience is in hot pursuit of culture — and will find culture whether it is available or not.

But in Paris the audience wear lounge suits and day dresses and expressions of uncompromising severity. It matters not that, by many, they are considered philistine and uninformed: by themselves they are regarded as expert and powerful. In their enthusiasm or their coldness they can be as ruthless as Barcelona's bullfight aficionados: in their attitude as they arrive for a performance is all the heart-warming excitement of a London accountant combined with the need to prepare an auditor's report for which he will receive no fee.

But at the end of this performance the audience applauded ecstatically.

So resounding, in fact, was Sutherland's success that even Elsa Maxwell insisted upon congratulating the star of the occasion — and it is well known that Elsa Maxwell visits only the most successful of the successful.

"To the best of the recollection of an old habitue, our opera audiences have not shown such enthusiasm for several decades," commented the critic Leon Algaï.

The equal of Callas and Renata Tebaldi, confessed "France Soir" handsomely. And so the second citadel succumbed to the ravishing perfection of Sutherland's voice. Now only two remained.

About this time Joan Sutherland was told that an Italian critic had just described her as having excelled Callas and become the world's leading soprano.

"Oh," she replied blankly. "But that's silly, isn't it?"

Australians are singularly ill-equipped either to pay or to receive compliments, because to pay them — they feel — is obsequious, and to receive them, boastful. In this respect, as in so many others, Sutherland is typically Australian.

"It never seems to occur to her," Professor Carey once lamented, "to say flattering things to people." Equally though, he admitted, she never seemed to expect them said to her.

This dislike of effusion is frequently, in Australians, carried a step further — to a dislike of demonstrativeness in general. Thus one perplexed interviewer was able to report: "Tributes fall into the placid pool of Miss Sutherland's imperturbable personality like small, aimless pebbles."

But it is always dangerous to assess an Australian as placid and imperturbable simply because he is not demonstrative: and it is especially dangerous to assess any of Sutherland's character from the indifferent reticence with which she has reacted to success. Sutherland's greatest talent is the capacity she has for being utterly ordinary — until she moves on to a stage and sings: then she accepts praise in the form of applause, professionally.

Off the stage she accepts it awkwardly — and the day she does not will be the day her Australian ordinariness vanishes and, with it, half her genius.

LATE in 1960 came a recital at St. James' Palace, before the Queen Mother and the Princess Royal, at which Sutherland was quite taken aback when the Queen Mother called her *Madame*. When a Queen calls a soprano "madame" that soprano may definitely be said to have arrived.

On to Dallas, Texas, to sing in "Don Giovanni," and to create innocently the first Sutherland legend — that at all times, day and night, she wore a brilliant red wig.

Back now to London to sing "Sonnambula" and "Lucia," then, on Boxing Day, 1960, to fly to Spain to sing "I Puritani" in Barcelona's Gran Teatro de Lico.

Though Sutherland was thoroughly at home in the role of the bird-brained Elvira, she felt, on her opening night, unnaturally dependent and, by the end of the first act, was having difficulty with her breathing.

"Don't you worry," comforted her, dresser, Assun, in Italian, "you kiss this," producing a tiny replica of the Madonna of Montserrat, and putting some flowers in

front of it, "and the voice will be all right."

This Papist rite the Presbyterian Sutherland amiably performed.

For the rest of the opera she had no further difficulty with her breathing: and next day she took a huge bouquet of flowers to the theatre and gave them to Assun. "Put those in front of the real Madonna for me, please," she requested.

Assun did so, and in return presented Sutherland with the miniature replica of the Madonna. This remained on her table, honorably flanked with flowers, for the rest of the season, and then joined Serafin's sixpence in her make-up box. Since then, in every opera house where she has sung, Sutherland has prominently and sentimentally displayed her tiny Madonna of Montserrat.

Meantime, Adam had developed measles and his mother had developed a sore ear and slight deafness. But neither of these afflictions prevented Sutherland from achieving a remarkable success.

The Spaniards flanked her, head high, with huge bouquets.

After a crowd of thousands had seen her off from the theatre, Sutherland flew to Sicily, again to sing "I Puritani," again to triumph with the allegedly cold audiences of Palermo.

But what her audience had not known was that she sang almost deaf and in agony with an ear abscess. The theatre doctor had given her an inhalant and some ear-drops, which only succeeded in making her deaf than ever, and, unable to hear the orches-

## La Scala, the "third citadel," surrendered in joyous uproar

tra, she had sung throughout simply by following the maestro's baton and her colleagues' pitch.

Then, in the middle of Elvira's Mad Scene, on a forbidding and vibrating high E flat, the abscess burst. A splinter of pain took her hand to her ear. Blood was running from the ear down her neck. Without losing a note, she turned her head away from the audience and completed the scene.

When the company praised her for her courage after the performance, she dismissed their compliments.

"Don't be silly," she said. "It was marvellous to get rid of the thing."

As she said it, however, she acknowledged to herself that there would be many more abscesses to get rid of. Griffiths' operation had been a marvellous success, curing her chest troubles and dispelling her rheumatic tendencies, but nothing could patch up those damaged eardrums — and pressurised aircraft, the vibrations caused by singing high notes, and head colds would always induce ear abscesses. She must simply accept them when they came as one of the inevitable occupational hazards of her singing life.

THERE followed a long concert tour of America, during which Richard, playing always without music, accompanied his wife. A superb accompanist, if, at any time, through tiredness or faulty memory, his wife skipped words, notes, or lines, in the weeks that followed, he — imperturbably, because he knew her voice so well — skipped with her.

Sutherland grew prone to this aberration in one item especially — the Mad Scene from "Hamlet." Gallantly vaulting with her from page to page, Richard would catch his wife's eye and the flicker of a smile would flash between them.

"If they only knew," he chided cheerfully after one more than usually hiatus-ridden rendering of this piece, "the monstrous things you did to them!"

"Ah, but you're so clever, Ricky, darling, that they didn't, did they?" she laughed, unrepentant; but it gave her tremendous confidence to have him on the platform with her, accompanying with such initiative and skill.

On to New York for several recitals and a television performance, for which the fee was an incredible 7000 dollars for singing one aria.

Shortly before she was to sing at Carnegie Hall, news came that her mother had died in London.

Sutherland did not react violently to the message: she seemed merely stunned. Then she cried.

"Will you sing tomorrow?" Richard asked gently, a while later.

"Nothing else to do, is there? No good just sitting down, is it?"

"You can cancel the performance and fly to London if you want."

"Mum'd kill me if I did. Besides, what'd happen to Mr. Oxenberg and all those people?" Mr. Oxenberg was the impresario, and all those people were the ticket holders.

"I've booked a call to London. Speak to Auntie and then decide."

They left her alone till the call came through — which it did with unexpected speed.

"Auntie," said Sutherland.

"Joannie," instructed Auntie, without preamble, "there's nothing you can do here. You just get out there and sing. That's what your mother would want."

Sutherland hung up. That afternoon, at Carnegie Hall, she rehearsed. Next night she performed.

Beautifully dressed in emerald-green, red hair carefully groomed, jaw set in that line of courage so familiar to all who had ever

seen her in pain or fear or grief, she sang Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" for an audience who knew nothing of the circumstances.

To her audience, her voice was pure, and superbly charged with emotion: to her husband, it was more utterly tragic and exhausted than he had ever known it before.

Among some of those who sang with her, however, there was not only admiration but some consternation as well. How could anyone perform in such circumstances? Some critics had admired the Sutherland voice, but found it cold. No wonder, the few decided. Anyone who could make her New York concert debut the night of her mother's funeral in London must be cold. Fortunately, however, those who interpreted her decision in this light were few.

Next day, as both the news of her mother's death and of her previous night's triumph broke, New York offered generous homage. "Covent Garden's astonishing Joan Sutherland enthroned herself as a most remarkable prima donna assoluta," reported the "Herald Tribune;" and, elsewhere, the legend grew.

"At the moment," she was reported, inaccurately but amusingly, to have said, "I want to go on singing these mouldy chestnuts. I love all those demented old dames of the early operas. All right, so they're loony. The music's wonderful. I want to go on singing them to the end of my career."

An inaccurate report, this; but it was not entirely a misrepresentation. Sutherland sings not to educate, because that would be to imply an intellectual approach to music — which hers is not — but to give pleasure. She sings, with infinite technical skill and all the attention to style of which she and her husband are jointly capable, because she loves singing.

Nothing will deflect her from singing — on and off the stage — and whether she sings "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" for her son's amusement or "Lucia" for the public's pleasure, the reason for that singing is always the same: that all her life she has loved, and lived for, singing.

Let the inaccurate legends of red wigs, of demented old dames, and of being six

feet or more tall persist, so long as the more truthful legend of her magnificently unspoilt ordinariness may persist with them.

And nothing ever more became the ordinary, fallible woman who is Joan Sutherland than that, within minutes of learning of her mother's death, she said: "It's no use sitting down, is it?" — and next night went out and sang.

APRIL, 1961, was to be the moment of Sutherland's attack on her third citadel — Milan's La Scala. She was to make her debut there in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

All through the day preceding the opening night there were queues at La Scala's box-office; and, in the queues, talk of the attempts that would be made that night by fans of Tebaldi and Callas to break up the Sutherland performance.

Opera in Milan is not so much music as open warfare between the supporters of one great singer or another. Of all these, the most violent are the factions supporting Callas and Tebaldi: and both factions had allegedly taken great exception to the menace in Milan of an Australian parvenue from Covent Garden.

At La Scala the star's dressing-room at any time was a lavish improvement on Covent Garden's cells, but now it was sweet-scented and bursting with flowers as well; and on the largest bouquet of all was a note in handwriting Joan recognised.

"I'm sorry that I cannot be with you tonight except in spirit, Joan, Carissima. But I pray and know that you will have a marvellous success. Onwards always to triumph! Maria Callas."

At about 8.30, the white marble foyer of the world's most elegant opera house began to fill. Not a pair of female shoulders was uninked; not a female throat unbewelled; not a head of female hair untinted. The world's most elegant opera house is patronised by the world's most elegantly dressed women.

Preening themselves, the rich and elegant in the stalls looked round and upwards at the high tiers of ivory and gilt boxes, all garlanded with carnations for the ambassadors and politicians. Far above, in the gallery, the factions of Tebaldi and Callas, and the less affluent of Milan's opera fanatics, looked down on the rich and elegant.

There was applause as, punctually, the conductor entered: a moment of hush and then, as the clock signalled nine, the house lights dimmed and the overture began. Sutherland's debut at La Scala would now prove successful — or a failure.

At the end of her aria "Regnava nel silenzio" the entire house was cheering. At the end of the Mad Scene, it was roaring and tearing up the garlands of carnations to fling its tribute on to the stage.

"Bravo," they thundered from the stalls. "Brava," the gallery corrected punctiliously — and added to the thunder.

"Superba," howled both the Callas and Tebaldi factions — and then "divina," although "divina" was a laurel hitherto kept unreservedly for Callas.

In turn, all the directors of La Scala embraced their new prima donna. The conductor embraced her. Toscanini's daughter embraced her. Raimondi, her Edgardo, embraced her.

A stage hand looked astonished as he listened to the roaring voices beyond the curtain.

"Galleria 'bravo,' sì," he admitted. "Pubblico 'bravo' mai" — The gallery shouts bravo, yes. But the public — never!

The production had been as unimaginative as could be contrived; no one except Lucia had made even a pretence of acting; Lucia had had to go mad standing absolutely motionless — yet, without doubt, Sutherland had conquered her third citadel.

Now there remained, a mere four months ahead, only New York's Metropolitan.

[World copyright 1962, Russell Braddon]

**NEXT WEEK:  
Joan Sutherland's  
U.S. triumph**



Jinks — do help me — get me away from here — let me go somewhere safe . . . safe . . .

She sprang up and walked rapidly up and down, turning and twisting her hands.

The director in Jason was full of admiration for those passionate, tortured movements. I must remember them, he thought. For Hedda Gabler, perhaps? Then, with a shock, he remembered that it was his wife he was watching.

He went to her and put his arms around her.

"It's all right, Marina — all right. I'll look after you."

"We must go away from this hateful house — at once. I hate this house — hate it."

"Listen, we can't go away immediately."

"Why not? Why not?"

"Because," said Rudd, "deaths

cause complications . . . and there's something else to consider. Will running away do any good?"

"Of course it will. We'll get away from this person who hates me."

"If there's anyone who hates you that much, they could follow you easily enough."

"You mean — you mean — I shall never get away? I shall never be safe again?"

"Darling — it will be all right. I'll look after you. I'll keep you safe."

She clung to him.

"Will you, Jinks? Will you see that nothing happens to me?"

## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 56

She sagged against him, and he laid her down, gently on the chaise-longue, sitting beside her.

"Oh, I'm a coward," she murmured, "a coward . . . if I knew who it was — and why? . . . Get me my pills — the yellow ones — not the brown. I must have something to calm me."

"Don't take too many, for heaven's sake, Marina."

"All right — all right . . . Sometimes they don't have any effect any more . . ." She looked up in his face.

She smiled a tender exquisite smile.

"You'll take care of me, Jinks? Swear you'll take care of me . . ."

"Always," said Jason Rudd. "To the bitter end."

Her eyes opened wide.

"You looked so — so odd when you said that."

"Did I? How did I look?"

"I can't explain. Like — like a clown laughing at something terribly sad that no one else has seen."

It was a tired and depressed Inspector Craddock who came to see

Miss Marple the following day. "Sit down and be comfortable," she said. "I can see you've had a very hard time."

"I don't like to be defeated," said Inspector Craddock. "Two murders within twenty-four hours. Ah well, I'm poorer at my job than I thought I was. Give me a cup of tea, Aunt Jane, with some thin bread and butter and some me with your earliest remembrance of St. Mary Mead."

Miss Marple clicked with her tongue in a sympathetic manner. "Now it's no good talking like that, my dear boy, and I don't think tea and bread and butter is at all what you want. Gentlemen want something stronger than tea."

As usual, Miss Marple said the word "gentlemen" in the way of someone describing a foreign species.

"I should advise a good whisky and soda," she said.

"Would you really, Aunt Jane? Well, I won't say no."

"And I shall get it for you myself," said Miss Marple, rising to her feet.

"Oh no, don't do that. Let me. Or what about Miss What's-her-name?"

"We don't want Miss Knight fussing about here," said Miss Marple.

"She won't be bringing my tea for another twenty minutes so that gives us a little peace and quiet. Cover of you to come to the window and not through the front door. Now we can have a nice quiet little time by ourselves."

SHE went to a corner cupboard, opened it, and produced a bottle, a siphon of soda water, and a glass.

"You are full of surprises," said Dermot Craddock. "I'd no idea that's what you kept in your corner cupboard. Are you quite sure you're not a secret drinker, Aunt Jane?"

"Now, now," Miss Marple admonished him. "I have never been an advocate of teetotalism. A little strong drink is always advisable in the premises in case there is a shot or an accident. Invaluable at such times. Or, of course, if a gentleman should arrive suddenly. There!" said Miss Marple, handing him the remedy with an air of quiet triumph. "And you don't need to joke any more. Just sit quietly and relax."

"Wonderful wives there must have been in your young days," said Dermot Craddock.

"I'm sure, my dear boy, you would find the young lady of the type you refer to as a very inadequate helpmeet nowadays. Young ladies were not encouraged to be intellectual and very few of them had university degrees or any kind of academic distinction."

"There are things that are preferable to academic distinction," said Dermot. "One of them is knowing when a man wants a whisky and soda and giving it to him."

Miss Marple smiled at him affectionately.

"Come," she said, "tell me all about it. Or as much as you are allowed to tell me."

"I think you probably know as much as I do. And very likely you have something up your sleeve. How about your dog's body, your dear Miss Knight? What about her having committed the crime?"

"Now why should Miss Knight have done such a thing?" demanded Miss Marple, surprised.

"Because she's the most unlikely person," said Dermot. "It so often seems to hold good when you produce your answer."

"Not at all," said Miss Marple with spirit. "I have said over and over again, not only to you, my dear Dermot — if I may call you so — that it is always the obvious person who has done the crime. One thinks so often of the wife or the husband and so very often it is the wife or the husband."

"Meaning Jason Rudd?" He shook his head. "That man annoys Marina Gregg."

"I was speaking generally," said Miss Marple, with dignity. "For we had Mrs. Badcock apparently murdered. If one asked oneself who could have done such a thing the first answer would naturally be the husband. So one had to examine that possibility. Then we decided

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## makes Fish and Chips a Gourmet Dinner!



Here's a delicious meal to please a gourmet appetite. Sea-fresh Birds Eye Fish Fingers and the new sensation, Birds Eye Chip Potatoes. Birds Eye Fish Fingers are sweet fillets, boned and crumbed ready for the pan. The Chip Potatoes are crinkle-cut, perfectly prepared and ready for heating. Just open the cartons, pop in a pan and heat for five minutes. That's all the time it takes to serve a golden, crisp and tasty meal of Birds Eye Fish Fingers and Chip Potatoes. Serve them soon, they're sensational! (Ask any gourmet.)

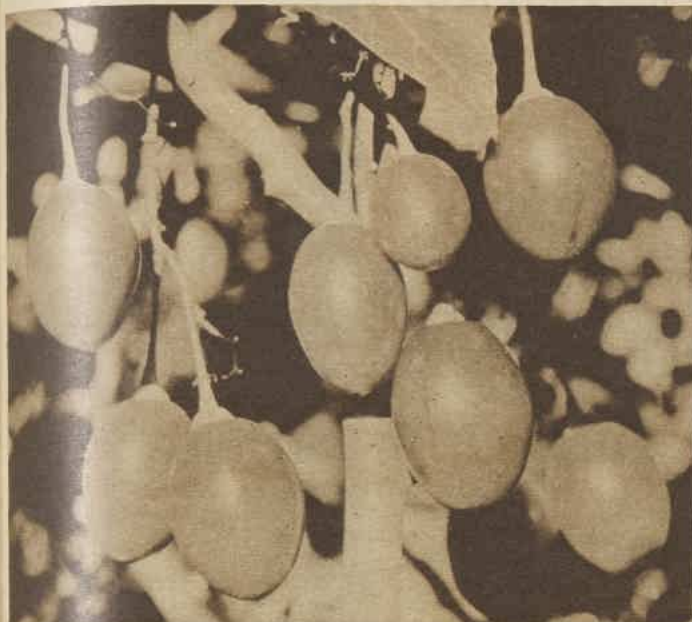


STOP AT THE SHOP  
WITH THE BIRDS EYE SIGN





# TRY OUT THE TREE TOMATO



• Tree tomatoes have juicy fruit which hang from the branches. The fruit brightens from a dull green-purple to a fine reddish-yellow. One plant is sufficient for a small family.

Gardening Book — page 116

**T**HE delicious tree tomato (*Cyphomandra betacea*) is an unusual fruit which should be grown more in Australia.

The plant grows into a small tree, 12ft. to 15ft. high, with very large leaves and fragrant potato-like flowers. It is only a remote relation of the true tomato.

The trees bear for five years only and the fruit ripens in February or March.

Plants can be raised either from seed or thick cuttings taken from mature trees in autumn. They usually take about two years to reach fruiting size from cuttings, and more from seed, depending on the soil and climate. They will grow in any warm, reasonably sheltered position.

They like a rich, deep soil. Tie the plants to tall strong stakes to prevent their being blown over in very wet and windy weather.

They are not subject to the many pests and diseases common to ordinary tomatoes. However, when the fruit is ripening in late summer, birds will ruin much of the crop unless precautions are taken.

A bird-scarer on the market made of finely spun nylon thread will keep them off if stretched over the trees when the crop is coloring.

This does not injure birds, but few of them will make more than one attempt to eat the fruit once their feathers and legs have become slightly entangled in the fine webbing.

The trees respond to generous feeding with liquid manure and even in cool districts will fruit heavily. The fruit are about the size of a pullet's egg.



• Eat tree tomatoes raw (they are specially good when filled with cream cheese for a savory or salad), stew them, or make them into jam.

**TREE TOMATO JAM** is simple to make. Use 6lb. of ripe fruit, 4½lb. sugar, 2 lemons, and ½lb. preserved ginger.

Place tomatoes in boiling water for 15 seconds to remove skins, then slice. Add sugar and allow to stand overnight. Next day slice lemons thinly and boil in a little water until tender. Strain and add to diced ginger. Place in a large saucepan with tomatoes and sugar. Boil three to four hours or until it jells.

A cup of drained crushed pineapple, or a cup of passionfruit pulp, may be used in place of, or in addition to, the ginger.

Gardening Book — page 117

## When I come on the scene the girls just fade away!



## STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

### WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

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AN UNPARALLELED  
ACHIEVEMENT

# These Rockmans coats won the Gold Medal\* and every award

\* (Under £10 Class  
Australian Wool Bureau Fashion  
Awards, 1963.)



- a. The classic Gold Medal winner. Three-button fashion translated into 1963 styling by exciting new shaping. Cuddlesome brushed wool. Saddle stitching outlines the wide Peter Pan collar and big flap pockets. XXSW to W. Ginger, Orange, Gold, Lime, Green, Blue. £9/9/-.
- b. This beautiful Alaska wool two-button coat, with its low-welted waistline and concealed pockets, won a Merit Award. Note, too, the classic welted, collarless neckline. XXSSW to SW. Ginger, Orange, Gold, Lime, Green, Blue. £9/9/-.
- c. Here again, in diagonal-weave pure wool, is the dramatic new below-the-waist influence in styling—large patch pockets at the waistline highlighted by inverted pleats falling from hipline to hem. A Merit Award winning coat. XXSSW to SW. Royal, Green, Camel, Red, Caramel, Burnt Orange, Aqua Blue. £7/19/11.
- d. This pure wool Merit Award winner has the new low-welted front waistline with flap pockets and a high-buttoned Peter Pan collar. Two deep box pleats fall from scooped half-belt at the back to give skirt fullness. Matching malt buttons emphasise back belt interest. XXSSW to SW. Royal, Green, Camel, Red, Caramel, Burnt Orange, Aqua Blue. £7/19/11.

## ROCKMANS







# Why every ROCKMANS *Kay Colby* style won an award

The Australian Wool Bureau's fashion experts carefully examined each garment on five points—quality, handle, finish, fashion-rightness and colour. These Kay Colby styles (exclusive to Rockmans) so excelled on every point they were awarded the Gold Medal and three Merit Awards . . . that's every prize in their section. The judges made this comment:

"In a newly-formed group in the topcoat section for coats retailing under £10, these entries are considered excellent examples of outstanding value for the young market."

Further proof of Rockmans pledge known to fashion-conscious, budget-wise women throughout Australia: "Good fashion at modest prices . . ."

Choose early, strictly limited quantity of Kay Colby styled Gold Medal coats available.

## LAY-BY NOW FOR WINTER

## Like it ?...CHARGE IT!

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# ROCKMANS

GOOD FASHION AT MODEST PRICES

*The Australian Women's Weekly* — March 6, 1963

## STYLE: SMOOTH



● The shift is an important fashion for 1963. The cute one (left) in Red-coat-red wool has hip pockets and covered buttons. The garment won a merit award for Trevola Robes Pty. Ltd., of Melbourne. Price, £8.

● Casual suit in cream wool (right) has a cardigan-type jacket, slim skirt, and navy-blue blouse. It won a merit award for Peggy Parcell, of Melbourne. Price, £43/10/.



● Chic hip-belted one-piece in check wool (left) won a merit award for Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd., of Melbourne. Price, £11/19/.



the real object of the crime was Marina Gregg and there again we have to look for the person most intimately connected with Marina Gregg, starting as I say with the husband. Because there is no doubt about it that husbands do, very frequently, want to make away with their wives, though sometimes, of course, they only wish to make away with their wives and do not actually do so.

"But I agree with you, my dear boy, that Jason Rudd really cares with all his heart for Marina Gregg. It might be very clever acting, though I can hardly believe that. And one certainly cannot see a motive of any kind for his doing away with her. If he wanted to marry somebody else, there could, I should say, be nothing more simple. Divorce, if I may say so, seems second nature to film stars. A practical advantage does not seem to arise either. He is not a poor man by any means. He has his own career, and is, I understand, most successful in it. So we must go farther afield. But it certainly is difficult. Yes, very difficult."

"Yes," said Craddock, "it must hold particular difficulties for you because, of course, this film world is entirely new to you. You don't know the local scandals and animosities and all the rest of it."

"I know a little more than you may think," said Miss Marple. "I have studied very closely various numbers of film magazines."

Dermot Craddock laughed. He couldn't help it.

"I must say," he said, "it tickles me to see you sitting there and telling me what your course of literature has been."

"I found it very interesting," said Miss Marple.

## Flattering solution to VARICOSE VEINS

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**Scholl**  
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Varicose veins not only cause pain and discomfort, they also mar leg beauty. Scholl nylon mesh stockings solve both these problems. Correct surgical tension ensures perfect support and control. Relief is assured. Furthermore, they hide unsightly veins, yet cannot be detected under ordinary nylons. Ask for world-famous Scholl nylon mesh. Light, cool, ladderproof. All fittings from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers, Scholl Depots.

ALSO • SCHOLL NYLON SOFT-GRIP • SCHOLL ELASTIC YARN SOFT-GRIP

## LISTLESS CHILD

made happy and well overnight

John was "not himself." He was dull, cranky and off his food. His aunt suggested Laxettes, and John was given two at bedtime. Next day his appetite and pep were back; he sparkled again! Laxettes are the safest, surest laxative known, whenever kiddies have temporary constipation. Nice to take — no taste but the chocolate. Buy a packet now (3/3) and "when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes." L.A. 38

## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 60

"They're not particularly well written, if I may say so. But it really is disappointing in a way that it is all so much the same as it used to be in my young days. 'Modern Society' and 'Tit Bits' and all the rest of them. A lot of gossip. A lot of scandal. A great preoccupation with who is in love with whom, and all the rest of it. Really, you know, practically exactly the same sort of thing that goes on in St. Mary Mead. And in the Development, too. Human nature, I mean, is just the same everywhere."

"One comes back, I think, to the question of who could have been likely to want to kill Marina Gregg, to want to so much that having failed once they sent threatening letters and made repeated attempts to do so. Someone perhaps a little—very gently she tapped her forehead."

"Yes," said Craddock, "that certainly seems indicated. And of course it doesn't always show."

**MISS MARPLE** agreed fervently. "Oh, I know, old Mrs. Pike's second boy, Alfred, seemed perfectly rational and normal. Almost painfully prosaic, if you know what I mean, but actually, it seems, he had the most abnormal psychology, or so I understand. Really positively dangerous. He seems quite happy and contented, so Mrs. Pike told me, now that he is in Fairways Mental Home. They understand him there, and the doctors think him a most interesting case."

"That, of course, pleases him very much. Yes, it all ended quite happily, but she had one or two very near escapes."

Craddock revolved in his mind the possibility of a parallel between someone in Marina Gregg's entourage and Mrs. Pike's second son.

"The Italian butler," continued Miss Marple, "the one who was killed. He went to London, I understand, on the day of his death. Does anyone know what he did there—if you are allowed to tell me, that is?" she added conscientiously.

"He arrived in London at eleven-thirty in the morning," said Craddock, "and what he did in London nobody knows until at a quarter to two he visited his bank and made a deposit of five hundred pounds in cash. I may say that there was no confirmation of his story that he went to London to visit an ill relative or a relative who had got into trouble. None of his relatives there had seen him."

Miss Marple nodded her head appreciatively.

"Five hundred pounds," she said. "Yes, that's quite an interesting sum, isn't it? I should imagine it would be the first instalment of a good many other sums, wouldn't you?"

"It looks that way," said Craddock.

"It was probably all the ready money the person he was threatening could raise. He may have pretended to be satisfied with that or he may have accepted it as a down payment and the victim may have promised to raise further sums in the immediate future. It seems to knock out the idea that Marina Gregg's killer could have been someone in humble circumstances who had a private vendetta against her."

"It would also knock out, I should say, the idea of someone who'd obtained work as a

studio helper or attendant or a servant or a gardener. Unless—Miss Marple pointed out—"such a person may have been the active agent, whereas the employing agent may not have been in the neighborhood. Hence the visit to London."

"Exactly. We have in London Ardwyck Fenn, Lola Brewster, and Margot Bence. All three were present at the party. All three of them could have met Giuseppe at an arranged meeting place somewhere in London between the hours of eleven and a quarter to two. Ardwyck Fenn was out of his office during those hours. Lola Brewster had left her suite to go shopping. Margot Bence was not in her studio. By the way—"

"Yes?" said Miss Marple, "have you something to tell me?"

"You asked me," said Dermot, "about the children. The children that Marina Gregg adopted before she knew she could have a child of her own."

"Yes, I did."

Craddock told her what he had learned.

"Margot Bence," said Miss Marple softly. "I had a feeling, you know, that it had something to do with children."

"I can't believe that after all these years—"

"I know, I know. One never can. But do you really, my dear Dermot, know very much about children? Think back to your own childhood. Can't you remember some incident, some happening that caused you grief or a passion quite incommensurate with its real importance? Some sorrow or passionate resentment that has really never been equalled since? There was such a clever book, you know, written by that brilliant writer Mr. Richard Hughes. I forget the name of it, but it was about some children who had been through a hurricane. Oh, yes—the hurricane in Jamaica. What made a vivid impression on them was their cat rushing madly through the house. It was the only thing they remembered. But the whole of the horror and excitement and fear that they had experienced was bound up in that one incident."

"It's odd you should say that," said Craddock thoughtfully.

"Why, has it made you remember something?"

"I was thinking of when my mother died. I was five, I think. Five or six. I was having dinner in the nursery, jam-roll pudding. I was very fond of jam-roll pudding. One of the servants came in and said to my nursery governess, 'Isn't it awful? There's been an accident and Mrs. Craddock has been killed.'"

Whenever I think of my mother's death, d'you know what I see?"

"What?"

"A plate with jam-roll pudding on it and I'm staring at it. Staring at it and I can see as well now as then how the jam oozed out of it at one side. I didn't cry or say anything. I remember just sitting there as though I'd been frozen stiff staring at the pudding. And d'you know, even now if I see in a shop or a restaurant or in anyone's house a portion of jam-roll pudding a whole wave of horror and misery and despair comes over me. Sometimes for a moment I don't remember why. Does that seem very crazy to you?"

"No," said Miss Marple, "it seems entirely natural. It's very interesting, that. It's given me a sort of idea . . ."

The door opened and Miss Knight appeared bearing the tea-tray.

"Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "and so we've got a visitor, have we? How very nice. How do you do, Inspector Craddock? I'll just fetch another cup."

"Don't bother," Dermot called after her, "I've had a drink instead."

Miss Knight popped her head back round the door.

"I wonder—could you just come here a minute, Mr. Craddock?"

**DERMOT** joined her in the hall. She went to the dining-room and shut the door.

"You will be careful, won't you," she said.

"Careful? In what way, Miss Knight?"

"Our old dear in there. You know, she's so interested in everything, but it's not very good for her to get excited over murders and nasty things like that. We don't want her to brood and have bad dreams. She's very old and frail, and she really must lead a very sheltered life. She always has, you know. I'm sure all this talk of murders and gangsters and things like that is very, very bad for her."

Dermot looked at her with faint amusement.

"I don't think," he said gently, "that anything that you or I could say about murders is likely unduly to excite or shock Miss Marple. I can assure you, my dear Miss Knight, that Miss Marple can contemplate murder and sudden death and indeed crime of all kinds with the utmost equanimity."

He went back to the drawing-room, and Miss Knight, chucking a little in an indignant manner, followed him. She talked briskly during tea with an emphasis on political news in the paper and the most cheerful subjects she could think of. When she finally removed the tea-tray and shut the door behind her Miss Marple drew a deep breath.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"AMANDA".—A style to wear from now on into winter, this corduroy pinafore dress with slim-fitting skirt is finished with two pockets. Available in saxe-blue, royal-blue, red, or aqua.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/19/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/9/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"At last we've got some peace," she said. "I hope I shan't murder that woman some day. Now listen, Dermot, there are some things I want to know."

"Yes? What are they?"

"I want to go over very carefully exactly what happened on the day of the fete. Mrs. Bantry had arrived, and the vicar shortly after her. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Badcock, and on the stairs at that time were the mayor and his wife, this man Ardwyck Fenn, Lola Brewster, a reporter from the 'Herald and Argus' of Much Benham, and this photographer girl Margot Bence. Margot Bence, you said, had her camera at an angle on the stairs and was taking photographs of the proceedings. Have you seen any of those photographs?"

"Actually, I brought one to show you."

He took from his pocket an unmounted print. Miss Marple looked at it steadily. It showed Marina Gregg with Jason Rudd a little behind her to one side. Marina was not looking at Mrs. Badcock. She was staring over her head looking, it seemed, full into

the camera, or possibly just slightly to the left of it.

"Very interesting," said Miss Marple. "I've had descriptions, you know, of what this look was on her face. A frozen look. Yes, that describes it quite well. A look of doom. I'm not really so sure about that. It's more a kind of paralysis of feeling rather than apprehension of doom. Don't you think so? I wouldn't say it was actually fear, would you, although fear, of course, might take you that way. It might paralyse you. But I don't think it was fear."

"I think rather that it was shock. Dermot, my dear boy, I want you to tell me if you've got notes of it, what exactly Heather Badcock said to Marina Gregg on that occasion. I know roughly the gist of it, of course, but how near can you get to the actual words. I suppose you had accounts of it from different people?"

Dermot nodded.

"Yes. Let me see. Your friend Mrs. Bantry, then Jason Rudd, and, I think, Arthur Badcock. As you say, they varied a little in wording, but the gist of them was the same."

"I know. It's the variations that I want. I think it might help us."

"I don't see how," said Dermot, "though perhaps you do. Your friend Mrs. Bantry was probably the most definite on the point. As far as I remember—wait—I carry a good many of my jottings around with me."

He took out a small notebook from his pocket, looked through it to refresh his memory.

"I haven't got the exact words here," he said, "but I made a rough note. Apparently Mrs. Badcock was very

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# Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 64

a very long time ago, I've never ever heard of a parlormaid for many years now."

"It was a good many years ago," said Miss Marple, "but, nevertheless, human nature was very much the same then as it is now. Mistakes were made for very much the same reasons. Oh, dear," she added, "I am thankful that that girl is safely in Bournemouth."

"The girl. What girl?" asked Dermot.

"That girl who did dressmaking

and went up to see Giuseppe that day. What was her name?—Gladys something."

"Gladys Dixon?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"She's in Bournemouth, do you say? How on earth do you know that?"

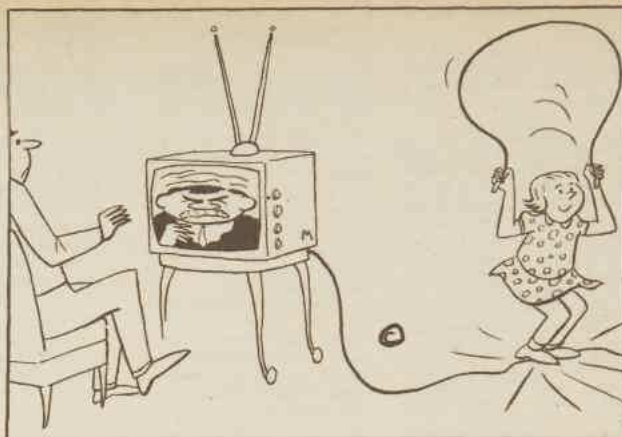
"I know?" said Miss Marple, "because I sent her there."

"What?" Dermot stared at her.

"You? Why?"

"I went out to see her," said Miss Marple, "and I gave her some money and told her to take a holiday and not to write home."

To page 66



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Page 65

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"Why on earth did you do that?"

"Because I didn't want her to be killed, of course," said Miss Marple, and blinked at him placidly.

"Such a sweet letter from Lady Conway," Miss Knight said two days later as she deposited Miss Marple's breakfast tray. "You remember my telling you about her? Just a little, you know" — she tapped her forehead — "wanders sometimes. And her memory's bad. Can't recognise her relations always and tells them to go away."

"That might be shrewdness really," said Miss Marple, "rather than a loss of memory."

"Now, now," said Miss Knight, "aren't we being naughty to make suggestions like that? She's spending the winter at the Belgrave Hotel at Llandudno. Such a nice residential hotel. Splendid grounds and a very nice glassed-in terrace. She's most anxious for me to come and join her there." She sighed.

**MISS MARPLE** sat herself upright in bed. "But please," she said, "if you are wanted—if you are needed there and would like to go—"

"No, no, I couldn't hear of it," cried Miss Knight. "Oh, no, I never meant anything like that. Why, what would Mr. Raymond West say? He explained to me that being here might turn out to be a permanency. I should never dream of not fulfilling my obligations. I was only just mentioning the fact in passing, so don't worry, dear," she added, patting Miss Marple on the shoulder. "We're not going to be deserted! No, no, indeed we're not! We're going to be looked after and cosseted and made very happy and comfortable always."

She went out of the room. Miss Marple sat with an air of determination, staring at her tray and failing to eat anything. Finally she picked up the receiver of the telephone and dialled with vigor.

"Dr. Haydock?"

"Yes?"

"Jane Marple here."

"And what's the matter with you? In need of my professional services?"

"No," said Miss Marple. "But I want to see you as soon as possible."

When Dr. Haydock came he found Miss Marple still in bed waiting for him.

"You look the picture of health," he complained.

"That is why I wanted to see you," said Miss Marple. "To tell you that I am perfectly well."

"An unusual reason for sending for the doctor."

"I'm quite strong, I'm quite fit, and it's absurd to have anybody living in the house. So long as someone comes every day and does the cleaning and all that I don't see

## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 65

any need at all for having someone living here permanently."

"I dare say you don't, but I do," said Dr. Haydock.

"It seems to me you're turning into a regular old fuss-budget," said Miss Marple unkindly.

"And don't call me names," said Dr. Haydock. "You're a very healthy woman for your age; you were pulled down a bit by bronchitis, which isn't good for the elderly. But to stay alone in a house at your

hen irritates you. She'd irritate me. There must be some old servant somewhere. That nephew of yours is one of the best-selling authors of the day. He'd make it worth her while if you found the right person."

"Of course, dear Raymond would do anything of that kind. He is most generous," said Miss Marple. "But it's not so easy to find the right

me about vodka at the time, so I wasn't really listening closely."

"You're sure," Miss Marple took a breath, "that she didn't say whooping cough?"

"Whooping cough?" Mrs. Bantry sounded astounded. "Of course not. She wouldn't have had to powder her face and do it up for whooping cough."

"I see — that's what you went by — her special mention of make-up?"

"Well, she laid stress on it — she wasn't the making-up kind. But I think you're right, it wasn't chicken-pox . . . Nettlerash, perhaps."

"You only say that," said Miss Marple coldly, "because you once had nettlerash yourself and couldn't go to a wedding. You're hopeless, Dolly, quite hopeless."

She put the receiver down with a bang, cutting off Mrs. Bantry's astonished protest of "Really, Jane."

Miss Marple made a lady-like noise of vexation like a cat sneezing to indicate profound disgust. Her mind reverted to the problem of her own domestic comfort. Faithful Florence? Could faithful Florence, that grenadier of a former parlormaid, be persuaded to leave her comfortable small house and come back to St. Mary Mead to look after her erstwhile mistress? Faithful Florence had always been very devoted to her. But faithful Florence was very attached to her own little house. Miss Marple shook her head vexedly. A gay rat-tat-tat sounded at the door. On Miss Marple's calling "Come in," Cherry entered.

"Come for your tray," she said. "Has anything happened? You're looking rather upset, aren't you?"

"I feel so helpless," said Miss Marple. "Old and helpless."

"Don't worry," said Cherry, picking up the tray. "You're very far from helpless. You don't know the things I hear about you in this place! Why, practically everybody in the Development knows about you now. All sorts of extraordinary things you've done. They don't think of you as the old and helpless kind. It's she who puts it into your head."

"She?"

Cherry gave a vigorous nod of her head backwards toward the door behind her.

"Pussy, pussy," she said. "Your Miss Knight. Don't let her get you down."

"She's very kind," said Miss Marple, "really very kind," she added, in the tone of one who convinces herself.

"Care killed the cat," they say," said Cherry. "You don't want kindness rubbed into your skin, so to speak, do you?"

"Oh, well," said Miss Marple, sighing. "I suppose we all have our troubles."

"I should say we do," said Cherry. "I oughtn't to complain, but I feel sometimes that if I live next door to Mrs. Hartwell any longer there's going to be a regrettable incident. Sour-faced old cat, always gossiping and complaining. Jim's pretty fed-up, too. He had a first-class row with her last night. Just because we had 'The Messiah' on a bit loud! You can't object to 'The Messiah', can you? I mean, it's religious."

"Did she object?"

"She created something terrible," said Cherry. "Banged on the wall and shouted and one thing and another."

"Do you have to have your music tuned in so loud?" asked Miss Marple.

"Jim likes it that way," said

Cherry. "He says you don't get the tone unless you have full volume."

"It might," suggested Miss Marple, "be a little trying for anyone if they weren't musical."

"It's these houses being semi-detached," said Cherry. "Thin as anything, the walls. I'm not so keen really on all this new building, when you come to think of it. It looks all very prissy and nice, but you can't express your personality without somebody being down on you like a ton of bricks."

Miss Marple smiled at her. "You've got a lot of personality to express, Cherry," she said.

"Do you think so?" Cherry was pleased and she laughed. "I wonder," she began. Suddenly she looked embarrassed. She put down the tray and came back to the bed.

"I wonder if you'd think it cheek if I asked you something? I mean—you've only got to say 'out of the question' and that's that."

"Something you want me to do?"

"Not quite. It's those rooms over the kitchen. They're never used nowadays, are they?"

"No."

"Used to be a gardener and wife there once, so I heard. But that's old stuff. What I wondered — what Jim and I wondered — is if we could have them. Come and live here, I mean."

Miss Marple stared at her in astonishment.

"But your beautiful new house in the Development?"

"We're both fed up with it. We like gadgets, but you can have gadgets anywhere — get them on H.P. and there would be a nice lot of room here, especially if Jim could

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● Dust can be lifted from the grooves of a record by holding a piece of plastic wrap close to, not on, the disc as it turns. Handling and crumbling the plastic generates static electricity to attract the dust.

have the room over the stables. He'd fix it up like new, and he could have all his construction models there, and wouldn't have to clear them away all the time. And if we had our stereogram there, too, you'd hardly hear it."

"Are you really serious about this, Cherry?"

"Yes, I am. Jim and I, we've talked about it a lot. Jim could fix things for you any time—you know, plumbing or a bit of carpentry. And I'd look after you every bit as well as your Miss Knight does. I know you think I'm a bit slapdash—but I'd try and take trouble with the beds and the washing-up—and I'm getting quite a dab at cooking. Did beef stroganoff last night; it's quite easy, really."

Miss Marple contemplated her.

Cherry was looking like an eager kitten—vitality and joy of life radiated from her. Miss Marple thought once more of faithful Florence. Faithful Florence would, of course, keep the house far better. (Miss Marple put no faith in Cherry's promise.) But she was at least sixty-five—perhaps more. And would she really want to be uprooted? She might accept that out of her very real devotion for Miss Marple. But did Miss

Marple really want someone made for her? Wasn't she already suffering from Marple's conscientious devotion to duty?

Cherry, however inadequate her housework, wanted to come. And she had qualities that to Miss Marple at that moment seemed of supreme importance.

Warm-heartedness, vitality and a deep interest in everything that was going on.

"I don't want, of course," said Cherry, "to go behind Miss Knight's back in any way."

"Never mind about Miss Knight," said Miss Marple, coming to a decision. "Let's go off to someone called Lady Conway at a hotel in Llandudno and enjoy herself thoroughly. We'll have to write a lot of details, Cherry, and I shall want to talk to your husband, but if you really think you'd be happy . . ."

"It'll suit us down to the ground," said Cherry. "And you really can rely on me doing things properly. I'll even use the dustpan and brush if you like."

Miss Marple laughed at this supreme offer.

**CHERRY** picked up the breakfast tray again. "I must get cracking. I got here late this morning—heard about poor Arthur Badcock."

"Arthur Badcock? What happened to him?"

"Haven't you heard? He's up at the police station now," said Cherry. "They asked him if he'd come and talk them with their inquiries and you know what that always means."

"When did this happen?" demanded Miss Marple.

"This morning," said Cherry. "I suppose," she added, "that it got out about his once having been married to Marina Gregg."

"What?" Miss Marple was up again. "Arthur Badcock was once married to Marina Gregg?"

"That's the story," said Cherry. "Nobody had any idea of it. It was Mr. Updike put it about. He's been to the States once or twice on business for his firm and he knows a lot of gossip from over there. It was a long time ago, you know. Really before she'd begun her career."

"They were only married a year or two and then she won a film award and, of course, he wasn't good enough for her then, so they had out of these easy American divorces and he just faded out, as you might say. The fading-out kind, Arthur Badcock. He wouldn't make a fuss. He changed his name and came back to England. It's all over so long ago. You wouldn't think anything of that mattered nowadays, would you? Still, there it is. It's enough for the police to go on, I suppose."

To page 67



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**A.R. TABS**



## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 66

less serious disease. Some people hardly feel ill at all with it. I remember my cousin Caroline . . .

Miss Marple cut off reminiscences of Cousin Caroline by saying firmly, "Thank you so much, Vicar," and replacing the receiver.

There was an awed expression on her face. One of the great mysteries of St. Mary Mead was what made the vicar remember certain things—only outstripped by the greater mystery of what the vicar could manage to forget!

"The taxi's here, dear," said Miss Knight, bustling in. "It's a very old one and not too clean, I should say.

I don't really like you driving in a thing like that. You might pick up some germ or other."

"Nonsense," said Miss Marple. Setting her hat firmly on her head and buttoning up her summer coat she went out to the waiting taxi.

"Good morning, Roberts," she said.

"Good morning, Miss Marple. You're early this morning. Where do you want to go?"

"Gossington Hall, please," said Miss Marple.

"I'd better come with you, hadn't I, dear," said Miss Knight. "It won't take me a minute just to slip on outdoor shoes."

"No, thank you," said Miss Marple firmly. "I'm going by myself. Drive on, Inch. I mean Roberts."

Mr. Roberts drove on, merely remarking: "Ah, Gossington Hall. Great changes there and everywhere nowadays. All that development. Never thought anything like that'd come to St. Mary Mead."

Upon arrival at Gossington Hall Miss Marple rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Jason Rudd.

Giuseppe's successor, a rather shaky-looking elderly man, conveyed doubt.

"Mr. Rudd," he said, "does not see anybody without an appointment, madam. And today especially . . ."

"I have no appointment," said Miss Marple, "but I will wait," she added.

She stepped briskly past him into the hall and sat down on a hall chair.

"I'm afraid it will be quite impossible this morning, madam."

"In that case," said Miss Marple, "I shall wait until this afternoon."

Baffled, the new butler retired. Presently a young man came to Miss Marple. He had a pleasant manner and a cheerful, slightly American voice.

To page 68



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"Oh, no," said Miss Marple. "Oh, this mustn't happen. If I could only think what to do — now, let me see."  
She made a gesture to Cherry. "Take the tray away, Cherry, and tell Miss Knight up to me. I'm going to get up."  
Cherry obeyed. Miss Marple rearranged herself with fingers that trembled slightly. It irritated her when she found excitement of any kind affected her. She was just hooking up her dress when Miss Knight came.  
"Did you want me?" Cherry asked.  
Miss Marple broke in incisively. "Get Inch," she said.  
"I beg your pardon," said Miss Knight startled.  
"Inch," said Miss Marple, "get the telephone for him to come at once."  
"Oh, oh, I see. You mean the taxi man. But his name's Roberts, isn't it?"  
"To me," said Miss Marple, "he's Inch and always will be. But, anyway, get him. He's to come here at once."  
"You want to go for a little drive?"  
"Just get him, can you?" said Miss Marple. "and hurry, please."  
Miss Knight looked at her doubtfully and proceeded to do as she was told.  
"We are feeling all right, dear, aren't we?" she said anxiously.  
"We are both feeling very well," said Miss Marple. "and I am feeling particularly well. Inertia does not suit me and never has. A practical course of action, that is what I have been wanting for a long time."  
"Has that Mrs. Baker been saying anything that has upset you?"  
"Nothing has upset me," said Miss Marple. "I feel particularly well. I am annoyed with myself for being . . ."

A practical man is a man who practises the errors of his forefathers.  
— Benjamin Disraeli

rapid. But, really, until I got a letter from Dr. Haydock this morning — now I wonder if I remember rightly. Where is that medical book of mine?"

She gestured Miss Knight aside and walked firmly down the stairs. She found the book she wanted in a shelf in the drawing-room. Taking it out she looked up the index, murmured "Page 210," turned to the page in question, read for a few moments, then nodded her head, satisfied.

"Most remarkable," she said. "I don't suppose anybody would ever have thought of it. I didn't myself until the two things came together, so to speak."

Then she shook her head and a little line appeared between her eyes. "If only there was someone . . ."

She went over in her mind the various accounts she had been given of that particular scene . . .

Her eyes widened in thought. There was someone, but would he, she wondered, be any good? One never knew with the vicar. He was quite unpredictable.

Nevertheless, she went to the telephone and dialled.

"Good morning, Vicar, this is Miss Marple."

"Oh, yes, Miss Marple, anything I can do for you?"

"I wonder if you could help me on a small point. It concerns the day of the fete when poor Mrs. Badcock died. I believe you were standing quite near Miss Gregg when Mr. and Mrs. Badcock arrived."

"Yes, yes, I was just before them, I think. Such a tragic day."

"Yes, indeed. And I believe that Mrs. Badcock was recalling to Miss Gregg that they had met before in Bermuda. She had been ill in bed and had got up specially."

"Yes, yes, I do remember."

"And do you remember if Mrs. Badcock mentioned the illness she was suffering from?"

"I think now—let me see—yes, she was measles—at least not real measles—German measles—a much



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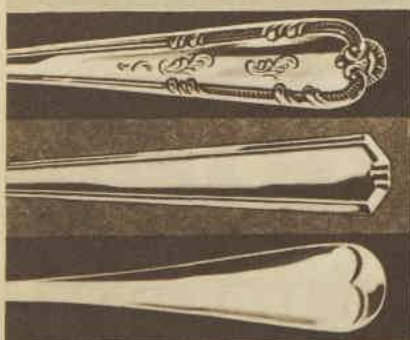
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## Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 67

"I've seen you before," said Miss Marple. "In the Development. You asked me the way to Blenheim Close."

Hailey Preston smiled good-naturedly. "I guess you did your best, but you misdirected me badly."

"Dear me, did I?" said Miss Marple. "So many Closes, aren't there. Can I see Mr. Rudd?"

"Why, now, that's too bad," said Hailey Preston. "Mr. Rudd's a very busy man and he's — er — fully occupied this morning and really can't be disturbed."

"I'm sure he's very busy," said Miss Marple. "I came here quite prepared to wait."

"Why, I'd suggest now," said Hailey Preston, "that you should tell me what it is you want. I deal with all these things for Mr. Rudd, you see. Everyone has to see me first."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Marple, "that I want to see Mr. Rudd himself. And," she added, "I shall wait here until I do."

She settled herself more firmly in the large oak chair. Hailey Preston hesitated, started to speak, finally turned away and went upstairs.

He returned with a large man in tweeds.

"This is Dr. Gilchrist, Miss —"

"Miss Marple."

"So you're Miss Marple," said Dr. Gilchrist. He looked at her with a good deal of interest.

Hailey Preston slipped away with celerity.

"I've heard about you," said Dr. Gilchrist. "From Dr. Haydock."

"Dr. Haydock is a very old friend of mine."

"He certainly is. Now you want to see Mr. Jason Rudd? Why?"

"It is necessary that I should," said Miss Marple.

Dr. Gilchrist's eyes appraised her.

"And you're camping here until you do?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"You would, too," said Dr. Gilchrist. "In that case I will give you a perfectly good reason why you cannot see Mr. Rudd. His wife died last night in her sleep."

"Dead!" exclaimed Miss Marple. "How?"

"An overdose of sleeping stuff. We don't want the news to leak out to the Press for a few hours. So I'll ask you to keep this knowledge to yourself for the moment."

"Of course. Was it an accident?"

"That is definitely my view," said Gilchrist.

"But it could be suicide."

"It could — but most unlikely."

"Or someone could have given it to her?"

Gilchrist shrugged his shoulders.

"A most remote contingency. And a thing," he added firmly, "that would be quite impossible to prove."

"I see," said Miss Marple. She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, but it's more necessary than ever that I should see Mr. Rudd."

Gilchrist looked at her.

"Wait here," he said.

Jason Rudd looked up as Gilchrist entered.

"There's an old dame downstairs," said the doctor; "looks about a hundred. Wants to see you. Won't take no and says she'll wait. She'll wait till this afternoon. I gather, or she'll wait till this evening and she's quite capable, I should say, of spending the night here. She's got something she badly wants to say to you. I'd see her if I were you."

Jason Rudd looked up from his desk. His face was white and strained.

"Is she mad?"

"No. Not in the least."

"I don't see why I — oh, all right — send her up. What does it matter?"

Gilchrist nodded, went out of the room and called to Hailey Preston.

"Mr. Rudd can spare you a few minutes now, Miss Marple," said Hailey Preston, appearing again by her side.

"Thank you. That's very kind of him," said Miss Marple as she rose to her feet. "Have you been with Mr. Rudd long?" she asked.

"Why, I've worked with Mr. Rudd for the past two and a half years. My job is public relations generally."

"I see," Miss Marple looked at him thoughtfully.

police now, being questioned."

"Questioned in connection with my wife's death? But that's absurd, absolutely absurd. He's never been near the place. He didn't even know her."

"I think he knew her," said Miss Marple. "He was married to her once."

"Arthur Badcock? But — he was — he was Herbert Badcock's husband. Amy, you perhaps —" he spoke kindly and apologetically, "making a little mistake?"

"He was married to both of them," said Miss Marple. "He was married to your wife when she was very young, before she went into pictures."

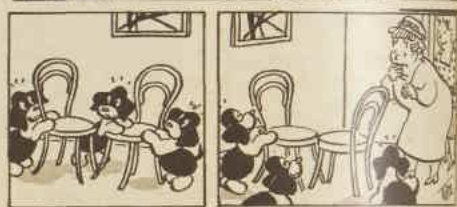
Jason Rudd shook his head.

"My wife was first married to a man called Alfred Beadle. He was in real estate. They were not suited."

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"You remind me very much," she said, "of someone I knew called Gerald French."

"Indeed? What did Gerald French do?"

"Not very much," said Miss Marple, "but he was a very good talker." She sighed. "He had had an unfortunate past."

"You don't say," said Hailey Preston, slightly ill at ease. "What kind of a past?"

"I won't repeat it," said Miss Marple. "He didn't like it talked about."

Jason Rudd rose from his desk and looked with some surprise at the slender elderly lady who was advancing toward him.

"You wanted to see me?" he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I am very sorry about your wife's death," said Miss Marple. "I can see it has been a great grief to you and I want you to believe that I should not intrude upon you now or offer you sympathy unless it was absolutely necessary. But there are things that need badly to be cleared up unless an innocent man is going to suffer."

"An innocent man? I don't understand you," said "Arthur Badcock," said Miss Marple. "He is with the

and they parted almost immediately."

"Then Alfred Beadle changed his name to Badcock," said Miss Marple.

"He's in a real estate here. It's odd how some people never seem to like to change their job and want to go on doing the same thing. I expect really that's why Marina Gregg felt that he was no use to her. He couldn't have kept up with her."

"What you've told me is most surprising."

"I can assure you that I am not romancing or imagining things. What I am telling you is sober fact. These things get round very quickly in a village, you know, though they take a little longer," she added, "in reaching the Hall."

"Well," Jason Rudd stilled, uncertain what to say, then he accepted the position, "and what do you want me to do for you, Miss Marple?" he asked.

"I want, if I may, to stand on the stairs at the spot where you and your wife received guests on the day of the fete."

He shot a quick doubtful glance at her. Was this, after all, just another season-seeker. But Miss Marple's face was grave and composed.

"Why certainly," he said, "if you want to do so. Come with me."

He led her to the staircase head and paused in the hollowed-out bay at the top of it.

"You've made a good many changes in the house since the Bantrys were here," said Miss Marple. "I like this. Now, let me see. The tables would be about here."

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### Notice to Contributors

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 6, 1961



## Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 68

"I came in Inch," said Miss Marple, producing the usual confused effect that that remark always caused.

From slightly behind her Jason Rudd rapped his forehead interrogatively. Dermot Craddock shook his head.

"I was saying to Mr. Rudd," said Miss Marple. "—Has that butler gone away?"

Dermot Craddock cast a look down the stairs. "Oh, yes," he said. "He's not listening. Sergeant Tiddler will see to that."

"Then that is all right," said Miss Marple. "We could, of course, have gone into a room to talk, but I prefer it like this. Here we are on the spot where the thing happened, which makes it so much easier to understand."

"You are talking," said Jason Rudd, "of the day of the fete here, the day when Heather Badcock was poisoned."

"Yes," said Miss Marple, "and I'm saying that it is all very simple if one only looks at it in the proper way. It all began, you see, with Heather Badcock being the kind of person she was. It was inevitable, really, that something of that kind should happen some day to Heather."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Jason Rudd, "I don't understand at all."

"No, it has to be explained a little. You see, when my friend Mrs. Bantry, who was here, described the scene to me she quoted a poem that was a great favorite in my youth, a poem of dear Lord Tennyson's, 'The Lady of Shalott.'"

She raised her voice a little. "The mirror crack'd from side to side, 'the curse is come upon me,' cried the Lady of Shalott."

"That's what Mrs. Bantry saw, or thought she saw, though actually she misquoted and said doom instead of curse—perhaps a better word in the circumstances. She saw your wife speaking to Heather Badcock and heard Heather Badcock speaking to your wife and she saw this look of doom on your wife's face."

"Haven't we been over that a great many times?" said Jason Rudd.

"Yes, but we shall have to go over it once more," said Miss Marple. "There was that expression on your wife's face and she was looking not at Heather Badcock but at that picture. At a picture of a laughing, happy mother holding up a happy child. The mistake was that though there was doom foreshadowed in Marina Gregg's face, it was not on her the doom would come. The doom was to come upon Heather. Heather was doomed from the first moment that she began talking and boasting of an incident in the past."

"Could you make yourself a little clearer?" said Dermot Craddock.

Miss Marple turned to him. "Of course I will. This is something that you know nothing about. You couldn't know about it, because nobody has told you what it was Heather Badcock actually said."

"But they have," protested Dermot. "They've told me over and over again. Several people have told me."

"Yes," said Miss Marple, "but you don't know because,

"I know," said Craddock with slight impatience. "I've heard all that."

"But you didn't hear the one operative phrase, because no one thought it was important," said Miss Marple. "Heather Badcock was ill in bed—with German measles."

"German measles? What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"It's a very slight illness, really," said Miss Marple. "It hardly makes you feel ill at all. You have a rash which is easy to cover up with powder, and you have a little fever, but not very much. You feel quite well enough to go out and see people if you want to. And of course in repeating all this the fact that it was German measles didn't strike people particularly. Mrs. Bantry, for instance, just said that Heather had been ill in

you see, Heather Badcock didn't tell it to you."

"She hardly could tell it to me seeing she was dead when I arrived here," said Dermot.

"Quite so," said Miss Marple. "All you know is that she was ill, but she got up from bed and came along to a celebration of some kind where she met Marina Gregg and spoke to her and asked for an autograph and was given one."

bed and mentioned chicken-pox and nettlerash. Mr. Rudd here said that it was flu, but of course he did that on purpose.

"But I think myself that what Heather Badcock said to Marina Gregg was that she had German measles and got up from bed and went off to meet Marina."

"And that's really the answer to the whole thing, because, you see, German measles is extremely infectious. People catch it very easily. And there's one thing

## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Feb. 27



### ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gamb. colors, red, orange.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday.



### TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gamb. colors, mauve, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.



### GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gamb. colors, tricolors, pink.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.



### CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gamb. colors, orange, red.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.



### LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gamb. colors, blue, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.



### VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gamb. colors, green, yellow.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.



### LIBRA

SEPT. 24—OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gamb. colors, black, green.  
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.



### SCORPIO

OCT. 24—NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gamb. colors, grey, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.



### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23—DEC. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gamb. colors, orange, red.  
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.



### CAPRICORN

DEC. 23—JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gamb. colors, black, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.



### AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gamb. colors, spots, green.  
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.



### PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gamb. colors, green, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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"I know," said Craddock with slight impatience. "I've heard all that."

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about it which you've got to remember. If a woman contracts it in the early stages of—"

"—Miss Marple spoke the next word with a slight Victorian modesty—"of—er—"

"—pregnancy, it may have a terribly serious effect. It may cause an unborn child to be born blind or to be born mentally affected."

She turned to Jason Rudd. "I think I am correct in saying, Mr. Rudd, that your wife had a child who was born mentally afflicted and that she has never really recovered from the shock. She had always wanted a child and when at last the child came, this was the tragedy that happened. A tragedy she has never forgotten, that she has not allowed herself to forget and which ate into her as a kind of deep sore, an obsession."

"It's quite true," said Jason Rudd. "Marina developed German measles early on in her pregnancy and was told by the doctor that the mental affliction of her child was due to that cause. It was not a case of inherited insanity or anything of that kind. He was trying to be helpful, but I don't think it helped her much. She never knew how or when or from whom she had contracted the disease."

"Quite so," said Miss Marple. "She never knew until one afternoon when a perfectly strange woman came up those stairs and told her the fact—told her, what was more—with a great deal of pleasure! With an air of being proud of what she'd done! She thought she'd been resourceful and brave and shown a lot of spirit in getting up from her bed, covering her face with make-up, and going along to meet the actress on whom she had such a crush and obtaining her autograph. It's a thing she has boasted of all her life. Heather Badcock meant no harm."

"She never did mean harm, but there is no doubt that people like Heather Badcock are capable of doing a lot of harm because they lack—not kindness; they have kindness—but any real consideration for the way their actions may affect other people. She thought always of what an action meant to her, never sparing a thought to what it might mean to somebody else."

MISS MARPLE nodded her head gently.

"So she died, you see, for a simple reason out of her own past. You must imagine what that moment meant to Marina Gregg. I think Mr. Rudd understands it very well. I think she had nursed all those years a kind of hatred for the unknown person who had been the cause of her tragedy. And here suddenly she meets that person face to face. And a person who is gay, jolly, and pleased with herself. It was too much for her. If she had had time to think, to calm down, to be persuaded to relax—but she gave herself no time."

"Here was the woman who had destroyed her happiness and destroyed the sanity and health of her child. She wanted to punish her. She wanted to kill her. And, unfortunately, the means were to hand. She carried with her that well-known soporific, Calmo. A somewhat dangerous drug, because you had to be careful of the exact dosage. It was very easy to do. She put the stuff into her own glass. If by any chance anyone noticed what she was doing they were probably so used to her pepping herself up or soothing herself down in any handy liquid that they'd hardly notice it. It's possible that one person did see her, but I rather doubt it."

"I think that Miss Zielsen did no more than guess. Marina Gregg put her glass down on the table and presently she managed to jog Heather Badcock's arm so that Heather Badcock spilt her own drink all down her new dress."

"All that's where the element of puzzle has come into the matter, owing to the fact that people cannot remember to use their pronouns properly."

"It reminds me so much of that parlormaid I was telling you about," she added to Dermot. "I only had the account, you see, of what Gladys Dixon said to Cherry, which simply was that she was worried about the ruin of Heather Badcock's dress with the cocktail spilt down it. What

To page 70

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seemed so funny, she said, was that she did it on purpose. But the "she" that Gladys referred to was not Heather Badcock, it was Marina Gregg. As Gladys said: She did it on purpose! She jogged Heather's arm. Not by accident, but because she meant to do so. We do know that she must have been standing very close to Heather because we have heard that she mopped up both Heather's dress and her own before pressing her cocktail on Heather.

"It was really," said Miss Marple meditatively, "a very perfect murder; because, you see, it was committed on the spur of the moment without pausing to think or reflect. She wanted Heather Badcock dead and a few minutes later Heather Badcock was dead. She didn't realise perhaps the seriousness of what she'd done and certainly not the danger of it until afterwards.

## Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 69

But she realised it then. She was afraid, horribly afraid. Afraid that someone had seen her do her own glass, that someone would accuse her of having poisoned Heather.

"She could see the only way out. To insist that the murder had been aimed at her, that she was the prospective victim. She tried that idea first on her doctor. She refused to let him tell her husband because I think she knew that her husband would not be deceived. She did fantastic things. She wrote notes to herself and arranged to find them in extraordinary places and at

extraordinary moments. She doctored her own coffee at the studios one day. She did things that could have been seen through fairly easily if one had happened to be thinking that way. They were seen through by one person."

She looked at Jason Rudd.

"This is only a theory of yours," said Jason Rudd.

"You can put it that way if you like," said Miss Marple, "but you know quite well, don't you, Mr. Rudd, that I'm speaking the truth.

You know, because you knew from the first. You knew because you heard that mention of German measles. You knew you were frantic to protect her. But you didn't realise how much you would have to protect her from. You didn't realise that it was not only a question of hushing up one death, the death of a woman whom you might say quite fairly had brought her death on herself.

"But there were other deaths—the death of Giuseppe, a black-mailer, it is true, but a human being. And the death of Ella Zielinsky of whom I expect you were fond.

You were frantic to protect Marina and also to prevent her from doing more harm. All you wanted was to get her safely away somewhere. You tried to watch her all the time, to make sure that nothing more should happen."

She paused, and then continued nearer to Jason Rudd the laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"I am very sorry for you," she said, "very sorry. I do realise the agony you've been through. You cared for her so much, didn't you?"

Jason Rudd turned slightly away. "That," he said, "is I believe common knowledge."

"She was such a beautiful creature," said Miss Marple gently. "She had such a wonderful gift. She had a great power of love and hate, but no stability. That's what's so sad for anyone, to be born with no stability. She couldn't let the past go by and she could never see the future as it really was, only as she imagined it to be."

"She was a great actress and a beautiful and very unhappy woman. What a wonderful Mary Queen of Scots she was! I shall never forget her."

Sergeant Tiddler appeared suddenly on the stairs.

"Sir," he said, "can I speak to you a moment?"

Craddock turned. "I'll be back," he said to Jason Rudd, then he went toward the stairs.

"Remember," Miss Marple called after him, "poor Arthur Badcock had nothing to do with this. He came to the fête because he wanted to have a glimpse of the girl he had married long ago. I should say she didn't even recognise him, did she?" she asked Jason Rudd.

JASON RUDD shook his head. "I don't think so. He certainly never said anything to me. I don't think," he added thoughtfully, "she would recognise him."

"Probably not," said Miss Marple. "Anyway," she added, "he's so innocent of wanting to kill her or anything of that kind. Remember that," she added to Dermot Craddock as he went down the stairs.

"He's not been in any real danger, I can assure you," said Craddock. "But, of course, when we found out that he had actually married Miss Marina Gregg's first husband we naturally had to question him on the point. Don't worry about him, Aunt Jane," he added in a low murmur, then he hurried down the stairs.

Miss Marple turned to Jason Rudd. He was standing there like a man in a daze, his eyes far away.

"Would you allow me to see her?" said Miss Marple.

He considered her for a moment or two, then he nodded.

"Yes, you can see her. You seem to — understand her very well."

He turned and Miss Marple followed him. He preceded her into the big bedroom and drew the curtains slightly aside.

Marina Gregg lay in the great white shell of the bed — her eyes closed, her hands folded.

So, Miss Marple thought, might the Lady of Shalott have lain in the boat that carried her down to Camelot. And there, standing straight, was a man with a rugged, open face, who might pass as a Laurence of a later day.

Miss Marple said gently, "You were very fortunate for her that she took an overdose. Death was really the only way of escape left to her. Yes — very fortunate she took the overdose — or — was given it?"

His eyes met hers, but he did not speak.

He said brokenly, "She was so lovely — and she had suffered so much."

Miss Marple looked back again at the still figure. She quoted softly the last line of the poem.

"He said: 'She has a lovely face. God in His mercy lend her grace. The Lady of Shalott.'"

(The End)

(c) Agatha Christie Ltd., 1962.  
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Mrs. Jenkins uses a copper

Mrs. Wilson uses a washing machine

# BOTH!

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

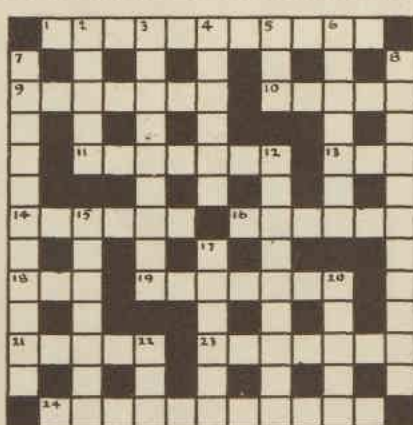
DISGUISED as a human, a dog, and a horse, the three creatures from space, on a trade mission to sell Earth their "suchi crystals," set out to discover the master race. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Obstinate (11).
3. Parts of shoes in paces (7).
10. Island in the East Indies. (5).
11. These idle people are necessarily bakers (7).
12. Children's plaything to be found in great oysters (3).
14. Spoil spirit of border (6).
16. Steering apparatus ending in mammary glands (6).
18. An old way of saying pilfer (3).
19. Ship captain having a herring split open, seasoned, and dried (7).
21. Eagles in a yellow-hammer nest (5).
22. If you take Russian money after tea it causes distress (7).
24. Barber (11).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Sounded through the nose in a salient point (5).
3. It marches (anagr., 9).
4. His business is on a barrow (6).
5. Human skill in the kindergarten (3).
6. Restricted a jot in a cover (7).
7. He must be conservative (5-6).
8. Turns to devotion (6-5).
12. Their business is often bust (9).
15. European country (7).
17. Its tale is by Shakespeare (6).
20. A species of oak with plundering top (5).
22. Sea-bream (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 6, 1963

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand. Readers should address orders to Box 4148, Wellington, No. C.O.D. orders accepted.



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 774. — CHILD'S OVERALLS  
Corduroy overalls suitable for small boy or girl are cut out to make, with full instructions. Colors are pink, blue, lemon, and claret. Sizes 1 and 2 years, 24/6; 3 and 4 years, 27/6. Postage 2/- extra on all sizes.

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Unusually designed duchesse set is cut out and traced to embroider with "Victorian Lady" design, on white, cream, or pink Irish linen. Set is 8/11, plus 9d. postage.

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Expandable slip is cut out to make in seersucker in colors of pink, blue, and white. Lace trim is supplied. Sizes 22 and 24 in. bust, 25/-; 36 and 38 in. bust, 29/11. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.









THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 6, 1963

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



### SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

If you're feeling gay and want the world to know. This wide-brimmed hat of plaited straw is trimmed with artificial hibiscus blooms — an idea which could also be used to freshen up a tired old beach hat. Our cover girl is Jan Cush, a 19-year-old receptionist, of Collaroy, near Sydney, photographed by Adelie Hurley.

Shirt £8.8.0. Knitwear from 99/11







# "The Midget" goes Hawaiian

## ...and wins world title

● Bernard Farrelley, the 18-year-old Sydney boy who recently won the International Surfboard Riding Championship in Hawaii, became a film star at the same time.

THE film is being produced by another Sydney surfer, Bob Evans, and is due for release in Australia within the next few weeks.

Bernard, a lanky, blue-eyed kid, is known to his friends as "Midge," and his nickname inspired the title of the film: "Midget Goes Hawaiian."

Bob Evans, who edits a surfing magazine and has already produced two other feature-length surfing movies and several shorts for television, chose Midge as his star after he had won several local surfboard championships.

Work on the film began last Easter. Bob, Midge, and other expert board-riders visited the best surfing beaches on Australia's east coast to record sequences for the first half of the film.

Bob then organised a team to represent Australia at the International Surfing Championships held annually at Makaha Beach, Hawaii.

Three other Sydney boys, David Jackman, Mick McMahon, and Barry Cardiff, joined Bob and Midge to form the team, and they flew to Hawaii just before Christmas.

The surfing championships are not held on any set day, but only on days when a good surf is running on Makaha Beach.

### Race delayed

When the plane on which the boys and their surfboards were travelling set down in Hawaii, they heard that the semi-finals were in progress that day at the beach 30 miles away.

An urgent phone call to contest officials delayed the last semi-final so that the Australians could compete. The boys hailed a taxi, the driver had their surfboards on the roof, and they made a dash for it.

At Makaha, traffic police escorted them through the crowds and they were cheered by competitors and spectators as they hurried to the dressing-rooms to change.

The waves were really big, and the Australians were competing against riders from California, Peru, and Hawaii in front of spectators from all over the world.

The contest is judged by experts standing on a tower high

By Kerry Yates

above the sand. Points are given for length of ride, ability to manoeuvre, and good sportsmanship.

As leader of the team, Bob said all the Australians surfed the 15ft. waves like veterans.

"Midge was outstanding," he said, "and we were not surprised when he was selected for the finals."

"These were held a few days later. Unfortunately, the waves were much smaller, breaking at three or four feet."

"Most riders paddled a long way out in the hope of picking up a few big ones, but they were out of luck."

"Midge adopted a new or never attitude, and moved to within 200 yards of the beach. 'He cracked every wave that

came along, large or small, and proved his skill so well that he was crowned champion of the year."

"We expected him to put on a good show, but winning the grand event was just wonderful."

The trophy Midge won was a statue of a surf rider and his board, carved from wood.

The presentation of this prize is a highlight of Bob's movie, which also shows Midge riding in the final.

This was the first time a competitor from a foreign nation had won the title — the highest honor in the surfing world.

Midge, who is a surfboard builder by trade, designed and made the two surfboards he took to Hawaii.

One is a light "hot-dog" board used for fast turning and



MIDGE FARRELLEY, with the trophy he won in Hawaii.

trick riding. The other is a heavier board for big seas.

The Australians shared a house on Sunset Beach, 40 miles from Honolulu.

They spent the next four or five weeks on a surf safari — travelling round the surfing beaches of Hawaii.

Bob was always on location, filming the adventures of the

Sydney surfers as they rode big waves alongside the champions from Hawaii and California.

The boys are now back in Sydney, already saving for another trip.

Most of them hope to compete again next time, but Midge is determined that he will. "I just must get back to Hawaii to defend my title," he said.

## SHE'S AN EXPERT AT MATRICULATING

FOR Priscilla has matriculated in Australia, in England — and is now waiting for her results from America.

Her father, Alan Yates (mystery writer Carter Brown), spends a lot of time in America with his publishers, and in 1961 he took his family with him.

"In New York I went to the United Nations School for three months," said Priscilla. "Their syllabus is based on the English system and my class was studying for the General Certificate of Education, the English Matriculation, so I did it with them."

"Maths and biology were easier than in Australia, but history was hard."

"I had to learn American

● It's a thrill for anyone to matriculate. It's twice as thrilling—maybe three times—for 15-year-old Priscilla Yates, of St. Ives, Sydney.

By Erica Worsoe

history, from the Civil War to 1945, in the three months.

"English was the hardest, though. Language and literature are two separate subjects. Language was the same as here, but in literature we studied two stories by Conrad, a book of 32 Chesterton essays, a book of short stories, Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,' Anthony Trollope's 'The Warden,' and, worst of all, the Prologue and Knight's Tale from Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' — in the original Chaucerian."

"What's more, we were examined on every book."

Priscilla was only 14 when she passed the G.C.E. In England the normal age for this is 16 or 17.

She came back to Sydney with her family in January, 1962, returned to her old school, Abbotsleigh, Wahroonga, and started studying for her N.S.W. Leaving Certificate.

"But by then I was almost sure I wanted to go to college in America," Priscilla said, "so I applied to do the American College Board examination and the Board sent my papers, with six others, to Ultimo Technical College in Sydney."

"The exams took one day. In the morning we did two Scholastic Aptitude Tests, in Maths and English. Each lasted 1½ hours and was like an I.Q. test."

"In the afternoon I did three Achievement Tests, in English, Maths, and Biology."

"These exams are completely different from exams in Australian schools. For each question you have a choice of answers, and you mark the one you think correct with a special pencil."

"The papers are then fed into an electronic computing machine which marks them automatically by registering the pencil marks."

"When this automatic marking system was first introduced, so many students got 100 per cent. that they checked."

"They found that if a student marked every space, or left every space blank, the machine registered every question as being correctly answered."

"But they fixed that long before I did the exam — unfortunately."

"Dad loves that story, because he hates the idea of

machines being more efficient than humans."

Having done the College Board exam, students apply to the college they wish to attend, and the college considers their exam results in deciding whether to accept or reject the application.

Most students apply to three colleges of varying standards to make sure they'll be accepted by at least one.

"Radcliffe is the college I really want to go to," said Priscilla, "though the others I've chosen—Barnard and Pennsylvania University—are good, too."

"Radcliffe and Vassar are considered the top girls' colleges, but I decided against Vassar because the emphasis is a bit too much on social life, not on study."

"Besides," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "Vassar has no 'brother college.' Radcliffe is the girls' college of Harvard, Barnard is the girls' college of Columbia University, and Pennsylvania University is mixed."

Priscilla will learn the results of her college applications in April, five months before the start of the next American academic year.

In the meantime, with her Leaving Certificate pass of two A's and three B's, she plans to start an Arts-Law course at Sydney University. Her ultimate ambition is to become a lawyer, preferably a barrister.



PRISCILLA YATES



# All homemade



● This collection of off-beat jewellery was designed and made at home by staff reporter Patricia Kent with the help of a plumber friend who did the soldering. "It was lots of fun," said Patricia. "I shopped around in hardware shops and chainstores to find odds and ends, and I dismantled old earrings and brooches for their bases. The total cost of all I bought was 30/-."

Pictures by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

SPANISH-INSPIRED necklace was made with split brass curtain-rings, the kind that overlap like key-rings. Join rings in a long chain first, then add more to form pendant.



BROOCH of three tiny drawer handles soldered together. This is quite heavy and needs a brooch pin soldered on each side to hold it.



DRAWER HANDLE also made this unusual earring. It has been soldered to an old earring base. Gold paint was used to highlight the dark metal.

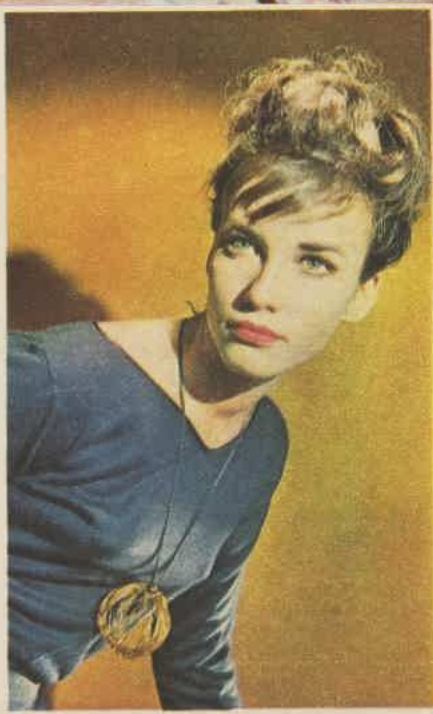


BRACELET made from strips of sea-grass joined together. Brightly colored beads were sewn on, and a hook and eye secured the bracelet at the back.

FILIGREE through... This base... but they...



le - for 30/-



**EFFECTIVE** bracelet was not made — this is the way the copper wire came from a hardware store. You could combine brass and copper wire, or wind thin strips of leather through the wire.

**EARRING** is part of fittings of drawer handles used for the brooch. Soldered on to an earring base, it has a brightly colored bead glued to the centre.

**PENDANT** hung on a strip of black leather is merely brass picture wire bent in circles. You could use copper wire, or brass and copper together.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Age difference

"I AM a secretary in an office and am deeply in love with a boy of 23 who works there. I am 17 and we have been going steady for the past six months. When I first started going out with him, I thought we were getting a bit too serious so I started going out with other boys, too. However, I never enjoyed myself with any of them. Even boys I have known for years seem drab compared with him. I finally conceded the fact that I was hopelessly in love with him and I told him so and he says he loves me, too. Unfortunately, he thinks I am three or four years older than I am. I have tried to tell him and every time my words freeze. If he ever asked me I would tell him straight away. My mother said I had better tell him soon in case he asks me to marry him. I don't know what I would do then, as I would not consider marriage for another three years. I would appreciate it if you would tell me if you think age differences matter and if you could help me as to how, when, and where I should tell him. My second problem is an agonising one. This boy has no family and lives alone. Naturally enough, my parents do not like me to go there alone at night. However, he lives a long way away and I do like to go to his place for tea and afterwards to sit and talk. My parents do not seem to realise this, so could you tell me how I can persuade them to let me go to his place, as I do not want to have to lie to them about where I am going."

"Susie," N.S.W.

The six years' difference in your ages matters more now than it will in ten years' time, but you must tell your boy-friend. I can't tell you exactly when and where to bring up the subject, but why don't you introduce it via birthdays. Ask him when his is and say "Will you be 24? My birthday is in June (or whenever it is)—I'll be 18."

You should let him know your views on marriage, too. Surely you could be talking about a girl you know or have heard of and could then remark that you think girls shouldn't get married too young, and that you wouldn't think of it before you were 20.

With regard to your second problem, I'm sorry, but your parents are absolutely right. Apart from the fact that this sort of situation can have the gravest consequences, it also gives rise to malicious gossip which might spoil your good name. Don't lie to your parents, but respect their wishes and ask your boy-friend to your place instead.

### Ignore teasing

"I AM 15 and go out with a 16-year-old boy whom I like very much. But there is another boy who is interested in me. Every time I am with my boy-friend, this boy keeps winking and trying to draw my attention to him. It is impossible to see my boy-friend without this other boy, as we

meet only at our church fellowship group. I try to pay no attention, but it is most annoying for me and my boy-friend. I try to give the other boy the brush-off but it doesn't work. Should I talk to him about it or what should I do?"

"Ah, Me," Vic.

Ignore him. He's probably only doing it to tease you, and if you take absolutely no notice he'll soon tire of his game.

### Slow off the mark

"I AM 17 and I've been going steady with a girl for some time. We wrote regularly while I was away at school and since I've been home we've been to a show together and enjoyed ourselves. However, at a dance recently she spent most of her time with another boy who took her to supper and made sure of the last dance too. I talked to her later and she seemed as friendly as ever. Do you think she's dropping a hint that it's all over or is she just playing hard to get?"

"Confused," Qld.

Not necessarily. Obviously she likes you and going out with you, but that doesn't mean that she belongs to you. Why shouldn't she dance with another boy if he asks first? Perhaps you'd better keep on your toes or this other boy will cut you out.

### Family pride

"I HAVE recently broken off with my girl-friend after 18 months, due to a misunderstanding with her parents. I told my mother about it and she doesn't agree with our going out again, because of what my girl-friend's parents said to me. It was really a silly incident and I don't think it should keep us apart, especially as my girl-friend's parents will allow her to come out with me again. We had often talked of marriage and hoped to get engaged this year. We are both still very much in love and want to come back together despite what has happened. Please give us some advice on what to do."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Your mother's family pride has been hurt and that's why she's against your going steady again. Do try to explain to her that it was a misunderstanding which has now been cleared up. If you are seriously thinking of marriage you don't want to have any "in-law" jealousies.

### Unsure of love

"I HAVE been engaged to a boy I am very fond of for the past four months. I was very happy when I first became engaged and was sure I had made the right choice. But lately I am becoming very unsettled and often cry myself to sleep wondering if I have done the right thing. My fiance tells me he loves me, and I know he does, but sometimes I'm not sure if I love him as much as I used to. Do you think every girl goes through this stage? If not, what do you think would be the best thing to do so as not to hurt my fiance?"

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Many girls get very worried about whether they are marrying the right person, and this is a good thing. Marriage is for ever and not to be entered lightly and thoughtlessly. Much better to break an engagement now than to go through the tragedy of a broken marriage in a few years' time. I don't

## A word from Debbie

DO-IT-YOURSELF dinner parties, where all the hostess has to do is provide the stove and the dinner ingredients, are the rage in America, I'm told.

Sounds messy to me, but there is a variation that can be fun.

It's do-it-yourself sundaes or parfaits (those layers of different confections served in a long glass).

You'll need a tall glass each, ice-cream in one or two flavors, brightly colored jellies, tinned or fresh fruit, some syrup, nuts, cherries, and thin wafer biscuits for the top.

The more colors and flavors you have the prettier and yummier the parfait layers will be, but you'll be surprised how professional they'll look.

You could even give a prize for the best-looking effort.

A cautionary note: The more people and dishes there are may be the merrier, but it will also be the messier, so provide plenty of elbow room and clean cloths for wiping up. Clear plastic over the tablecloth would be a good idea.

know you and can't tell you what to do — this really is something you must decide for yourself.

But I do suggest that you should go away alone for a holiday and think very carefully about why you want to marry this boy and if he is the person you can live with for ever, taking the good with the bad. If you can't get away alone, ask your fiance not to see you for a few weeks, so you can think things over very carefully. It's much better to hurt him now by breaking off the engagement than to ruin both your lives by going through with an unhappy marriage.

### Boy should pay

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and my boy-friend is 17, and we have very good jobs. One night I asked my mother if I could go out with him and she said yes, but that I should pay my fares wherever we go. I don't think this is right, do you? My boy-friend told me he would not let me pay for anything."

M.T., Qld.

When a boy asks a girl out he expects to pay for her. Why don't you suggest to your mother that you repay his hospitality by asking him home to dinner with your family?

### Not related

"MY boy-friend and I would very much like to become engaged, but I was wondering if he is any relation. His father is married to my aunt. His father was married before, and my boy-friend is the son of his first marriage."

"Mixed," S.A.

You are not related and there is no reason why you should not become engaged.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Beauty in brief:

## PALE EYEBROWS

THERE are fashions in eyebrows just as there are in lip make-up and hairdos. What is today's brow?

It is gently arched and it is well groomed. It is light in color, just a shade darker than the hair color, OR it is light in color and a shade or two paler than the hair color.

This last idea is newer and its soft, subtle effect looks pretty terrific provided you are not a natural blonde or redhead with eyebrows so pale that they need special color consideration.

Usually redheads look best in light brown shades and blondes in light and medium brown shades of eyebrow pencil. Both should avoid dark brown and black, which look hard and artificial on them.

For eyebrow (and lash) embellishment, keep a sharp point or a fine chisel edge on your eyebrow pencil. If it's rounded and dull, the result will be messy, fuzzy-looking eyebrows.

The prettiest eyebrows curve in a gentle, graceful arch following the shape of the bone structure of the eye. They begin over its inner corners, lift a bit toward the centre,



then taper off toward the temples, ending slightly higher than the starting point.

Pencilling should be done with short, feather strokes on the brow hair only and not the skin underneath. Softer strokes can be obtained by dipping the pencil in cream before using it.

Afterwards brush or blend the brows with fingertips. unruly brows can be set with soap on a clean brow brush.

—Carolyn Earle



LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

## From school band he went to top of charts

● If Tommy Roe, the young American singer who got to the top of the charts with his first disc, "Sheila," hadn't decided to be a singer, he could have become an artist, for he won an art scholarship while still at school.

BUT by the time his award was announced he had been bitten by the music bug, and was leader, vocalist, and electric guitar

player of the school band.

Though Tommy went to work as an electronic equipment tester after he left school in 1960, the boys of the band continued to play together in

their spare time, and they're still together.

Unlike some singer-composers who employ a lyric writer, Tommy also writes his own words, and at 19 has composed 125 songs.

He lives with his parents and younger brother at Atlanta, Georgia, but goes to Nashville, Tennessee, to make recordings.

Asked to describe his style of singing, Tommy calls it "rock-a-billy," and admits to having done a lot of listening to Buddy Holly. His other favorite singers are Elvis Presley, Connie Francis, and Ray Charles.

Other Roe favorites are fried chicken, blue and emerald-green as colors (he has blue eyes, by the way), and weightlifting and football.

His idea now is to make more and better records and after some coaching to have a try at film work in Hollywood.

Tommy speaks in a slow, quiet voice, as befits a Southern gentleman. His current single is "Rainbow."

IN the past, Australia's Jay Justin has swung along as a fairly straight singer, but on his new H.M.V. single, "Proud of You," he lets go with some fancy falsetto notes.

Jay and Joe Halford wrote the number, and it's been arranged by top English musician Charles Blackwell, who was responsible for "Come Outside."

Jay says he's really getting behind this disc, and has planned a four-State promotion tour of club dates, dances, and TV appearances.

**Local talent:** There's a peppy Mexican flavor to Johnny Devlin's new Festival single, "Chi Chico Teek," and for contrast the flip, "The One You Left Behind," is done with a lazy, countrified drawl.

**DYED - IN - THE - WOOL** country music fans will know Canadian - born Billy Starlight, who has been singing his way about Australia for some years. "The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door," "For Sale, a Baby," "Jesse James," and his most requested monologue, "The Blind Girl," are all on "Billy Starlight" (Crest EP).

**Pops:** Bursts of triumphant brass sound may seem more in trumpet Al Hirst's line than a lyrical gentleness. But playing with the commercially skilled Marty Paich orchestra on the R.C.A. LP, "Trumpet and Strings," he does wonders in a romantic way with numbers



TOMMY ROE, who almost took up painting instead of music.

such as "Stranger in Paradise," "As Time Goes By," "Sleepless Hours." The whole disc is highly enjoyable.

**DUO** pianists Ferrante and Teicher turn in a real old charm school job with "Under Paris Skies" (Ampar EP). A lot of elegant and classy playing goes into "La Ronde," "Speak to Me of Love," "If You Love Me," and the title tune.

**THE** more I hear of Earl Grant, singer - pianist - organist, the higher I'm inclined to rate him — especially as a singer.

He sings only on the Festival LP, "Earl Grant at Basin Street East," and he is terrific, whether it's with the bluesy "Sweet Sixteen Bars," the romantic, finger - clicking "Because of Rain," or swinging "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street."

**THERE'S** a wonderful arrangement to Sam Cook's "Send Me Some Lovin'" (R.C.A. 45), a number that seems to get more interesting the more often you hear it. It takes a while, too, to get the full value of the faster, driving flip, "Baby, Baby, Baby."

**FOR** an instrumental that's weird and exciting, try the Ray Maxwell band's "Misirlou" (Festival 45). Whatever it is, it certainly isn't slumber music, though the flip, "Stand In," is rather more conventional.

**IT'S** a tale of lost love again with Brenda Lee's "You Used To Be" (a cute title), and she makes it sound like a winner. There's a romantic, country flavor ballad, "She'll Never Know," on the other side of this Festival 45.

**TV themes:** Combination of "Wagon Train," "Ballad of Paladin," "Maverick," and "Restless Gun," and the highly rated Lawrence Welk orchestra, makes Coral's "TV Western Themes" an attractive EP.

**Jazz:** Sharing the billing with clarinetist Pete Fountain, Al Hirst reappears—this time in the role of trad jazzman—on the Coral LP "The New Orleans Scene." Four tracks feature the pair with a seven-piece Dixieland band, and on another four Pete's heard with his regular small West Coast rhythm section.

## WORTH HEARING

### RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 2

RACHMANINOFF was about the last of the Romantic school of composers. Although he lived until 1943 he was set in the ways of the 19th century before he entered the 20th, and remained unaffected by the anti-Romantic reaction that went on about him in the last 40 or 50 years of his life.

His second piano concerto, first performed in 1901, is the last of the unfailingly popular Romantic piano concertos. It has an appropriately enthusiastic performance by the young American pianist Van Cliburn, co-operating with conductor Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, on a new R.C.A. release.

Most critics would admit that by Rachmaninoff's time the Romantic movement in music had lost a good deal of its impulse and vitality. But this concerto still has the typical Romantic qualities of melody, color, and technical brilliance in good enough measure to make it a firm favorite with concert audiences.

— Martin Long

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## (NO) WOLF AND (SOUP) GRAPES

● Well, Australia's problem of falling-off migration looks like being solved.

THERE should be a flood of new citizens — and all girls, girls, girls!

I draw this conclusion from a story I read recently. It said that wolves are almost extinct in Europe.

I couldn't quite figure out why there werewolves and now aren't wolves.

Perhaps it's because of Europe's Big Freeze.

Their tiny hounds are frozen?

Anyway, I can imagine the disappointment among Frankfurt frauleins, Marseilles mademoiselles, Manchester misses, etc.

For, of course, by "wolf," the story referred to the human male "masher."

And when girls say they don't like going around with wolves, they're only foxing.

The way in which girls are always borrowing from their fathers (despite the fact that on dates it's the boy who always pays) proves that they can't keep the wolf from the door.

That girl like wolves in chap's clothing is proved by the way they have paid tribute to them in at least one love-song — "Fangs For the Memory!"

Pretty refugees from a wolf-less Europe will find it's just like the good days in Australia.

For every kookaburra there is a wise old howl.

**FOOTNOTE:** After the human wolf, the Australian girl's most popular pet seems to be the dachshund.

Influenced by TV cowboy heroes, no doubt.

You know how they're always saying, "Get a long, little doggie!"

**A**NOTHER beastly business was the finding of a woman's beach hat in the belly of a 12ft. shark caught off Western Australia.

The owner had lost the hat from a boat.

It was obviously a female shark. No male can ever stomach women's hats.

It's a bit disappointing that the hat-eater turned out to be a tiger shark.

Tiger sharks are colorful enough without beach hats.

It would have been fairer if an old Grey Nurse had been not what she used to be.

There could also have developed an aid to shark fishermen.

They could well have had a slogan for success:

If you want to get a hammerhead, get a hat!

— Robin Adair

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 6, 1963



# ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 9

## Notable work by Wardell

ONE of the most interesting people who flocked to Australia during the gold-rush period of the 1850s was William Wardell.

He was an important architect in England before he migrated to Australia, where he settled in Melbourne.

His well-established architectural abilities immediately found him employment in both Melbourne and Sydney.

His Melbourne designs include such great works as St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Eastern Hill, and the Church of St. John, in Toorak Road.

In Sydney he designed St. Mary's Cathedral and St. John's College.

Most of these jobs were designed by Wardell while he was Colonial Architect to the Government of Victoria.

When he was discharged from his official position in

1878 he transferred his office to Sydney.

Thus both Melbourne and Sydney have important buildings by Wardell—and each had many more before the recent building boom destroyed so much of the older work.

One of Wardell's most notable buildings is Government House, in St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, which was designed by him in his capacity as Colonial Architect.

Set in beautiful gardens and sweeping lawns, this great house was consciously copied from one of Queen Victoria's country houses in England.

In style it is, of course, Classic Revival of the type we have examined before in this series, and which is so characteristic of the period.

However, Wardell was able to infuse into this design a dignity and serenity which lifts its quality to a level far above that of contemporary buildings.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Melbourne, designed by Wardell, was completed in 1876. The dignity and serenity of the building is partly spoilt by the awkward proportions of the tower.

The tower, perhaps, is awkwardly proportioned, with the great band of ornament half way up its shaft, but such crudities were rare in Wardell's work.

Although this tower is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in Melbourne, unfortunately it is by no means of the best design.

The rest of the house is

square and forthright, with window openings piercing the walls in rhythmic rows.

The first-floor windows are emphasised by little columns and gables grouped about them in an Italianate way. Italian designs were much admired in Australia in the 1870s.

The house was first occupied by Governor Sir George Bowen

in 1876. In 1901 it became for a time the official residence of the Governor-General of Australia, until Canberra began to flourish.

Government House then reverted to the State Governor, who thus enjoys one of the finest Vice-Regal residences in Australia.

NEXT WEEK: Andora.

